

# The Bismarck Tribune.

Keokuk Society

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NO. 43

## NEWS-NOTES.

—Lord Derby, of England declares himself a Liberal.

—Elliott S. Morgan, of Penna., has been confirmed as secretary of Wyoming.

—It is said that ex-Secretary Botie, deceased, left Gen. Grant \$10,000 in his will.

—The Minneapolis Tribune will soon be changed from an evening to a morning paper.

—W. M. Craig, railroad and express agent at London, is short about \$200. He is in bad shape.

—The Chicago & Northwestern have commenced operations at Volga and will reach the Missouri next fall.

—The six day walking match at San Francisco was won by O. Leary. Score—O. Leary, 516; Weston, 400 miles.

—Postmaster Glafcke, who was bounced from the Chicago police, was furnishing postage stamps for the Wyoming lottery swindle, of which company he was a member.

—A Chinaman was assaulted by two or three of his countrymen at Chicago a few days ago. He was killed and a large reward being offered for it by the Chinese government.

—The flowers are in blossom and the parks open in the National capital, while the natives are feasting on straw rice and cream, with which their markets are plentifully supplied.

—A fire occurred at Oakland, Cal., last week in the Grand Central Hotel, destroying that place, the Webster House and five other buildings. Total loss \$25,000. The Grand Pacific Hotel, built by Michael Reese, the deceased millionaire.

—Major Verling K. Hart, 5th Cavalry, who was tried by general court martial at Chicago on charges preferred by Capt. Geo. T. Price of the same regiment, was acquitted. It was a case of "forfeit." The Major had the Captain arrested and vice versa the Captain arrested charges against the Major, with the above result.

—Pillsbury & Co. will build a mill in Minneapolis for the coming season with a capacity of 300,000 barrels per day, the largest in the world. When completed the Minneapolis mills will have a capacity of 500,000 barrels of flour per day. New York and Liverpool dealers look to Dakota for the grain, these extensive mills being built to answer the present demand, in which Eastern capitalists invest.

—Rex Morgan A. Dix, of New York, has been persecuted for years by parties unknown. His enemies in New York and throughout the country have overhauled him with answers to letters he never wrote, tradesmen and kindred have called upon him, drunken and cold door dealers have rung his bell at all hours of night, and clergymen have been invited to dine with him. Detectives have failed to discover the perpetrator.

—The St. Gothard tunnel, the longest in the world has just been completed. It occupied seven and a half years in the perforation, and cost \$4,000,000, while the Mt. Cenis, the second largest, was thirteen years building at a cost of \$15,000,000. The Hoosac, on the Boston & Albany road, is four and three-fourths miles long, took eleven years, at a cost of \$13,000,000. The rapid construction of the St. Gothard through the Alps is a great triumph for the improved drilling machines. It forms the shortest route from the Rhine Valley to the Mediterranean.

—The National Free Press is the name of a new paper, started at the Capitol in the interest of a filibustering expedition to take possession of Mexico and the different inter-oceanic routes on the Isthmus. The "high mucky muck" of the expedition is Gen. Ernest Dury, who calls for 50,000 soldiers, veterans of the late war, and invites all colonels to raise regiments in aid of the scheme. Dakota could furnish the requisite quota with out appealing to privateers, consisting entirely of colonels and throwing enough generals to command the expedition.

—The senate has again recommended the passage of the bill for the suppression of polygamy. The bill has once passed the senate but has always failed of consideration in the house. It imposes a fine of not more than \$500 and not more than five years imprisonment upon every person who has a husband or wife living and who marries another, making it a crime of bigamy. It does not effect any person by reason of any former marriage whose husband or wife by such marriage is absent for five years and is not known to be living nor any persons to whom decrees of divorce have been granted. It provides that the issue of Mormon plural marriages born before Nov. 1st, 1879, shall be considered legitimate.

## THE CITY FATHERS.

They choose good men for judges of election.

At the meeting of the city council Monday night, the following judges of election were appointed.

First ward—H. G. Coykendall, M. P. Slatery, C. S. Weaver.

Second ward—Wm. McCrorey, A. Cressey, F. Hollemback.

Third ward—J. P. Dunn, Thos. Walsh, Wm. Franklin.

The places of voting are located as follows: First ward—No. 22 North Third street, next door to Slatery's. Second ward—Seventh Cavalry saloon. Third ward—John Hoagland's work shop.

GENTLEMAN: I have \$20,000 with which to build water works. What action will the Council take?

JAMES A. EMMONS.

The note was referred to the committee on water works.

The council decided that a side walk was necessary on Main street, leading to the Catholic church, therefore parties owning lots should build at once.

## BY TELEGRAPH TO TRIBUNE

### RAILROAD MEN ON A STRIKE AT ST. LOUIS.

The Two Washington Scandals Still in Full Blast—The Donnelly-Washburn Case—Items of National Interest. (Special Dispatches to The Tribune.)

RAILROADERS ON A STRIKE. PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 19.—All the train men on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad, are on a strike for twenty per cent advance of wages. The strike causes three thousand miners and laborers to remain idle. The yard men on all the railroads at St. Louis will strike to day unless an advance is made.

THE HILL SCANDAL. WASHINGTON, March 19.—The Hill case seems pitiful. The woman Raymond haunts the capital with her babe in her arms watching for the venerable senator, who is scouted for. The woman claims it is Hill's son, and that Hill's private secretary made her sign a retraction, she being ignorant of its contents, and paid her thirty dollars, also promising more to support her. She was yesterday summoned by the police from the capitol. Miss Raymond has been invited to have herself and baby photographed, the artist promising her a liberal royalty on the sale.

THE CHRISTIANITY SCANDAL. WASHINGTON, March 19.—The Christianity scandal has no new developments. Both husband and wife bring charges against each other.

[Senator Christianity married a young treasury girl eight years old, and this is the result. Young Washington society has probably prejudiced her against the old man.—Ed.]

WASHBURN-DONNELLY. WASHINGTON, March 19.—The third report of the sub-committee on elections and the investigation of the Washburn-Donnelly election yesterday presented its report to the house. It is, as foreshadowed by previous dispatches, in favor of Donnelly, and reports that he is entitled to a seat, having a majority of 230 over Washburn. To accomplish this all the unnumbered ballots in Minneapolis are thrown out. Three hundred and four cases are cited alleging corruption of money on the part of Washburn. It is thought the whole democratic house, however, is likely to vote the unsealing of Washburn but they are not likely to vote to seat Donnelly.

FAILURE OF HEAVY SPECULATORS. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., March 19.—The recent failure of grain speculators in this city has involved ten banks in amounts from two to sixty thousand dollars, the largest liability being \$60,000 to the Grand Rapids City National. The Detroit National has \$50,000; Farmers and Mechanics, Grand Rapids, \$45,000, and the Cold Water National, \$35,000.

CONVICTION OF A BLATHERSKITE. SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—L. J. Gafford, a sand lot agitator and leader was convicted yesterday, on jury trial, of using incendiary language, and will receive sentence to-day.

CYRUS RESIGNS. NEW YORK, March 19.—Cyrus Field has resigned his position as president of the elevated railway.

RHODE ISLAND FOR BLAINE. PROVIDENCE, March 19.—The Rhode Island convention yesterday elected eight delegates for Blaine.

RHODE ISLAND'S GOVERNOR. PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 18.—The republican state convention nominated A. H. Littlefield for governor. Henry Fay for lieutenant governor, and re-nominated the other officers.

"WEARING OF THE GREEN." NEW YORK, March 17.—St. Patrick's celebration and parade in New York was small.

THE "MOLLIES" AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, March 18.—For some weeks there has been trouble among the coal miners at Rapid City, Ill., on account of some strikers who were willing to return to work. Mystic warning with skull and cross bones and signed Mollie Maguire have been distributed among those who were thought to be weakening. Wednesday night Taylor Williams was shot through the heart in his own house. Two suspected men have been arrested and are held for the inquest. More trouble is threatened.

A GOOD BILL.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—A bill was today introduced in the house by Acklin, proposing a constitutional amendment that the United States shall be perpetual and all acts or attempts to destroy it shall

be treason against the federal government, punishable as such. It states the limits and boundaries will be inviolate, and the right of a state to make and enforce its local laws are never to be interfered with by the federal government.

INCENDIARY VILLAINS.

BOUCHVILLE, S. C., March 18.—This town was set on fire in two places simultaneously at four o'clock this morning. Among many other valuable buildings destroyed was the post office. Most of the government property was saved.

FOR IMPROVING THE YELLOWSTONE PARK. WASHINGTON, March 18.—A bill was today introduced in the house by Downey appropriating \$25,000 to enable the secretary of the Interior to protect and improve the Yellowstone national park.

POWER OF POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Kirkwood submitted a resolution instructing the committee on postoffices to report the power of the postmaster general to modify mail contracts, expediate time and increase the number of trips, etc. Adopted.

The House went into a committee on the whole on the special deficiency bill. Dibble offered an amendment that a commissioner shall not withhold pensions from any pensioner of the war of 1812 who was granted a pension under act of 1871 and was dropped for disloyalty and reinstated by the act of March 10th.

THE APPROPRIATION.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Consideration of the deficiency bill was resumed in the house and considered the entire day. The amendment to the appropriation bill, \$6,665,000 for pensions, and \$100,000 for pay of marshals was adopted. The latter clause was amended so as to appropriate \$75,000 for the pay of deputy marshals, provided that hereafter they be appointed by the judges of the United States circuit court, and no two be of the same party.

HE WOULDN'T TAKE IT.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 19.—J. O. Wickler, a juror in a railroad suit, yesterday testified he had been offered various bribes from twenty-five dollars to one thousand dollars per year to fix the jury in a case in which Emory A. Storrs was counsel. Storrs denies any knowledge of the matter.

DE LESSEPS THE ENGINEER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—DeLesseps was received by the Chamber of Commerce yesterday.

UNWARRANTED MEDDLING.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—The California journals regard the government interference with the express letters system as unwarranted.

FOREIGN FLASHES.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Cablegrams state that Prince Orloff has been directed to leave Paris, and it is rumored that Gen. Chanzy, French ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been recalled, both events growing out of a refusal of the French government to give up Hartemann. A Paris dispatch, however, says the rumor to recall Gen. Chanzy is incorrect. He is simply to take his regular vacation. Hartemann has published a letter acknowledging he was chosen by the nihilists to assassinate the Czar, giving a detailed account of his Moscow attempt. He says he is coming to America. A letter from Garibaldi to Pyat, French commissioner exile at Naples has been published, eulogizing Hartemann, and says he deserves the esteem and gratitude of all honorable men. Political assassination is a social means of provoking revolution. The whole correspondence is pronounced a forgery by Pyat.

CLOSE OF THE DEAL.

A Fatal Shooting Scrape in a Miles City Bagnio.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

MILES CITY, M. T., March 18.—While these words are writing William Reese, one of Miles' bravest and best citizens, is dying from gun shot wounds received last night at the hand of Dr. Lebeher, resident physician here. The cause of the shooting is supposed to be a woman discarded by Reese several days ago. Reese was shot twice in the abdomen. Lebeher was uninjured. After the shooting Reese walked twenty rods to his house, closed up his farm game, made up his cash, told his brother he was dying and asked that his property be disposed of and sent to his mother in the states. He has remained perfectly self possessed through the entire night though certain of death's near approach. Lebeher is in jail and claims he was compelled to shoot in self defense. There is intense feeling displayed by Reese's friends. The woman who thus ruins one man and murders another is Dora Wells, better known as "Dodie Reese." The shooting was at Clara Clifton's "Parlor House" on Main street.

BROUGHT IN.

Parties must stop selling Whisky on Indian Reservations.

Sheriff McKenzie brought in the following persons from the Bad Lands this week, upon complaint of Mr. Bellows, for selling liquor on an Indian reservation: Francis Butler, John Waddle, Patrick Fitzgerald, M. H. Brown and John P. Korbin. They were taken before U. S. Commissioner Corey and each gave bonds in the sum of \$200 to appear on the 15th of April for trial. Preston & Williams are attorneys for the defendants, Flannery & Wetherby for the prosecution.

## BISMARCK BUSINESS BOOM

IT HAS COME AND WILL CONTINUE DURING THE SEASON

The Blockaded Train Arrives With 121 Sacks of Paper Mail, the Letters Having Been Brought in by Wagon.

THE BLOCKADE RAISED.

At last the blockade is raised and business is again assuming the proportion of a "boom." The city is full of strangers, and the hotels are reaping a rich harvest. Last Sunday afternoon the train arrived from Fargo, it being the first since Feb. 15th. The wildest excitement prevailed. Over 200 people assembled at the Sheridan House to see the stranger. Every house fronting to the track had a window raised, and women and children were as anxious to see the "cars" as the business man who expected a thousand dollars worth of remittances but instead received bills for a like sum. Bets were freely made on day and hour of the train's arrival and a large amount of money, (five cent) cigars, and hats changed hands. There was no letter mail, but the train brought 121 sacks of papers—enough reading matter to interest the people for the next twenty days.

SUPERINTENDENT TOWNE,

who had been with the train from the time it left Fargo, looked quite fatigued and sun-burned. He said that no idea of the blockade could be had except one was there himself. He was hopeful that there would be no more blizzards this season, but was free to admit that if another storm should strike the line this week every cut would again be filled up, as the snow is so hard that it has been impossible to clear a way larger than enough to allow the train to pass between the cuts. He further states that it is Manager Sargent's intention to raise the grade this season and also replace thousands of old ties with new ones. The Northern Pacific will push things this summer. They are obliged to do it. There are over one thousand loaded cars now on the side tracks at the different stations along the line, anxious to get to the front. Should the present mild weather continue, four or five trains a day may be expected to arrive during the next two months.

THE ICE BRIDGE

has proved a failure for the reason that there has been no material to transport. The expense of ferrying all the supplies for next season's work on the extension will be enormous but however this may be THE TRIBUNE has positive information that the business will be pushed energetically just as soon as the road gets out of its present dilemma. Walker, Bellows & Co. have lost heavily by the delay, and so has Bismarck and its suburban neighbor, Mandan, "over the Rhine." Hundreds of laborers have been thrown out of employment and a like number of teams are idle. All these grievances may soon be forgotten in the rush of the spring. It depends upon the policy adopted by the Northern Pacific people—whether they will give rates to steamboat and stage lines, or not, so that they may be able to compete with the rival corporations. The prospects now are that these concessions will be granted, in which event nearly all the private as well as government freight for Montana and up river ports will be shipped from this point and Bismarck will be the liveliest city in the west. She will double in population as THE TRIBUNE alone received by the last mail seventy two letters representing 128 people, who signify their intention to come out during the coming season.

THE BLACK HILLS ROUTE

cannot help but be the most popular one as the time, accommodations, and comfort on this route are not to be found on any other line reaching to the gold region. The farmers are all sanguine of golden harvests next fall. The new six-rup-of-stone flouring mill will have all the wheat it can grind, and its flour will all be consumed by the people north and west of Bismarck engaged in freight contracts or railroading, as well as in the Mills, where the first flour produced by this mill was sold. The carpenters will have steady employment. Contract builders all state that they have now engaged, all the building they can possibly do during the season, and that the class of buildings to be erected will be far superior to any yet constructed in the city. This is good encouragement. Every citizen, every business man and every farmer will take advantage of the surroundings, and with a combined, universal feeling of trust and enterprise, Bismarck and Burleigh County can be made to "boom" this season as this section was never wont to "boom" before.

Wood Choppers Beware!

All those persons chopping wood on Sibley Island had better cease operations as the authorities have ordered that all such parties shall be arrested and prosecuted for cutting wood on a military reservation. This notice is authoritative and should be heeded.

\$100 Reward.

Four mules were stolen from Ft. Lincoln last Wednesday night, and post quartermaster Bell offers \$100 reward for their recovery, as per bills circulated containing description of the stolen property.

## PURELY PERSONAL.

W. J. Ives, the butter man, went east Monday morning.

Thos. Kurtz, of Mandan, was a passenger on the last train.

Justus Bragg will go east next week to purchase a large drove of cattle.

Oscar Mocre went east Monday. He will probably return next season.

Geo. P. Flannery and B. C. Ash, formerly deputy U. S. marshal, left for Fargo Monday to settle up the Eclipse matter.

C. S. Wixom, of THE TRIBUNE, has located a section of land near Seventeenth siding. He proposes to make a big thing out of it.

Sam Laughlin, of the N. P. railroad office in this city, is now in Philadelphia, having a good time. He does not know when he will return.

H. Clark, heavy railroad contractor on the extension, arrived from New York Tuesday. He states that the Northern Pacific will rush business this summer.

Capt. Maratta, of the Sherman, arrived Tuesday. He says he will hold the Sherman's championship pennant at all hazards and is firmly of the belief that his boat is the fastest on the Missouri river.

Alex McAskell is back again from the Hot Springs of Arkansas. He has not fully recovered from the paralytic stroke of last fall, but is very much improved. He has many friends in Bismarck who are glad to see him back again.

District Attorney John A. Stovell, returned Tuesday after a two months' visit at his old home in Maine. He spent a week or so in Washington and learned the opinions of the leading guns on the presidential question. John is for Blaine, and not Grant as reported by the Argus.

Lieut. Ezra B. Fuller, of the Seventh Cavalry, was married last evening to Miss Georgetta Moore, daughter of Capt. Moore, formerly of the Eclipse. The young lady is well known in this city from her visit last summer and Lieut. Fuller is one of the finest officers in the service.

## FORT PECK TROUBLES.

The Recent Indian Battle—The rival Traders.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

FORT PECK INDIAN AGENCY, MONTANA, February 28.—A war party of Yanktons and another of Assinaboines, both belonging to this Agency, had a fight up near old Fort Peck, which resulted in two Yanktons being killed and three others wounded. The Assinaboines had one man wounded. The fight occurred on a very snowy and windy day. The Assinaboines came on to the Yanktons while they were inside of a log house. The Assinaboines fired a shot in the air and called: "Who are you? We are Assinaboines." The storm prevented the Yanktons from hearing, therefore they made no reply. The Assinaboines then fired and killed a brother of Yellow Eagle and the fight became general, with the above result. As the Assinaboines were coming in from the scene of battle, they met a second party of Yanktons who soon learned what they had been doing. This party took the guns and horses from the Assinaboines, and as they started off afoot, the Yanktons commenced firing on them and wounded three and killed one. News of the day's events reached Wolf Point in the evening and it ran like wild-fire through the camp at the agency. The Bucks all snatched their guns and started to the camp on the other side of the river, to kill all Yanktons who were living with the Assinaboine. Mr. Mathews, chief of police went over to the camp, and succeeded in preventing their rash designs. To his coolness and intrepidity, is owing the prevention of a universal outbreak of both tribes and another chapter of Indian troubles, for he had hard headed men to deal with and there were many who threatened to kill him if he interfered. Major Porter has arranged an amicable settlement of the matter, and we rest free from any apprehension of further trouble. For a day or two the matter looked rather bad. Little Crow with his thirty lodges of Unkpapas came to Poplar Creek lately.

Opposition between the two traders is booming and robes are worth any amount up to \$100 apiece. It's "unto" for the Indians at Wolf Point.

One hundred lodges of Unkpapas are reported to be on their way down from Milk River.

A few bottles of Jamaica Ginger and a young man got mixed together while coming in from a Wood Mountain trip and the mixture resulted in the sudden death of three Assinaboine braves by the hands of said young man, who labored under the hallucination that he was running buffalo. The young man has been cured of his hallucination by the request of payment for his sport from the Indians who owned the horses. The bill is about \$100. He has sworn off on "J. G."

IS TAIL.

The Firemen's Ball.

The Firemen's ball given Wednesday evening at the Sheridan House, was, perhaps the best of the season. The company realized \$140 out of the entertainment, netting \$90. The fire company feel grateful, yet it is no more than the duty of every citizen to lend a helping hand with a little cash in it for the support and advancement of the company. It is indeed a company to be proud of.



Speaking of Tennyson's hospitality, the following anecdote is related: Her Majesty, the Queen, announced it to be her good pleasure to honor her poet laureate with a visit. Unfortunately, she did not say precisely what day she would arrive. In duty bound, the whole family was put into its best "bib and tucker." The children agonized in their best rig, and were rigorously "pent" in doors. Mrs. Tennyson was bedecked with her state raiment, and the great author himself was gotten up to perfection, and in the latest invention of his tailor. Four or five days went by in the same atmosphere of expectation and grandeur, but no royal guests came driving up. At last it became unbearable. Ordinary manners were proclaimed; everybody sighed with relief and flung aside too violent etiquette with too belated and beribboned attire. The children resumed their intimacies with mud-pies and rocking-horses. Mrs. Tennyson began to enjoy a novel and a wrapper, and, casting aside romance, Mr. Tennyson took up a hoe and began weeding his garden, and, with glowing cheeks and animated eyes, tried "to make two blades of grass grow where before there was only one." Of course, when everything was jogging along in this cozy and homelike way, the Queen and her escort arrived. At first there was a general flutter of fright and excitement. Everybody was embarrassed and ill at ease. But the grand old fellow, coming up to the house with soiled hands and sweatdrops on his lofty brow, made it all right in a few words. "My sovereign, we expected you for several days, and were prepared to receive you as should become those who are honored by their Queen; but to-day we did not know of your intention, and are therefore only so far prepared as loyalty and love can make us." It is needless to say that the visit was a very friendly and pleasant affair, and, we doubt not, far better enjoyed by so sensible a woman as Queen Victoria than it would have been had it been attended with courtly formality and state.

#### Choosing a Dwelling.

The mackerel, which commercially ranks next to the cod among salt-water fishes, is also partial to a cool home, though it is found somewhat further south than the cod. Like the last-named fish, it seeks very cold water in which to spawn, preferring that of which the temperature is but little above the freezing-point. Instead of enjoying cold water all the year round, however, as the cod seems to do, there is a possibility that the mackerel hibernates. Seeking a soft, muddy or sandy bed at the approach of winter, it buries itself therein, first drawing a scale or film over each eye. Whether this film is an apology for a night-cap, or the result of a drooping of the eyelid through extreme drowsiness, or due to providential design, or development according to environment, *a la* Darwin, is yet to be decided; but the existence of such a covering to the eye during hibernation has been proved by examination of mackerel which have been dragged from their comfortable couches by the dredges of intrusive scientists. It is not impossible that it may yet be discovered that the film is the result of disease, and that the muddy bottom is resorted to, not as winter-quarters, but as a hospital where "earth-cure" is practiced as a specialty. Whether sick or sleepy, however, the mackerel has an intense aversion to a cold bed, so in selecting a resting-place he avoids ground over which salt ice is likely to drift, and drizzle its chilly water downward. How the fish arrives at certainties or probabilities on this subject is something that no fellow not a mackerel can find out, but the dredge has never found one of these fish in localities where salt ice melts. —*Harper's*.

**FOOD FOR THE SICK.**—Beef-tea, if rightly made, may be received with benefit by a stomach which would reject or be unenriched by any other aliment, but skill in preparing it is not universal among nurses. The two following receipts may be relied on as among the best that can be devised: Beef-tea (with moderate warming up after cold steeping).—Take one pound of the best beef; cut it into thin slices and scrape the meat fine; put it along with two-thirds of a saltspoonful of salt into one pint of cold water contained in an earthen bowl, and let the mixture stand two or three hours, stirring it frequently; place it in the same vessel covered on the back part of the range, and let it come very gradually to a blood heat and no more, for any higher temperature would injure the nutriment; then strain it through a fine sieve or muslin bag, and it is ready for use. The making of beef-tea is not a cooking process. Beef-tea without heat.—Take one-third of a pound of fresh beef, mutton, poultry, or game, minced very fine; place it in fourteen ounces of soft cold water, to which has been added a pinch, or about eighteen grains, of table salt, and three or four drops of muriatic acid; stir all with a wooden spoon, and set it aside for one hour, stirring it occasionally; then strain it through a gauze or sieve, and wash the residue left on the sieve by means of five additional ounces of cold soft water, pressing it, so that all the soluble matter will be removed from the residue; mix the two strainings, and the extract is ready for use. It should be drunk freely every two or three hours.

**CREAM FOR PUDDING.**—One egg, one cup sugar, one pint milk, one cup flour; boil until thick; flavor the pudding and cream with lemon.

At a certain factory not a hundred miles from Bradford were gathered the members of a firm engaged in manufacturing nitro-glycerine and some workmen. The gentlemen were intently watching the process of manufacturing the explosive, when one of them incautiously dropped his cigar-stub on the floor, which was covered with running water, bearing on the surface small particles of nitro-glycerine. The latter caught fire and burned brilliantly with a sputtering noise. To say that these spectators were alarmed would be to put it very mildly. They were simply paralyzed with terror, and watched the spreading fiery stream with the helpless fascination with which a victim is said to look in the glittering eyes of a rattlesnake. All around them were cans filled with nitro-glycerine, enough to annihilate an army, and every man felt as though he was the victim of a hideous nightmare which held him powerless. Flight was impossible; their limbs refused to perform their office, and an awful death seemed inevitable. The apparently doomed men saw the little lake of fire spread slowly but surely on the floor, but the flames hissed as though in triumph at the certain death that seemed to await their victims. None of the spectators will soon forget this thrilling episode in their lives, and money could not hire them to repeat the experiment. When the fire had almost reached a can filled with glycerine, one of the workmen aroused from his lethargy, and, taking off his coat, spread it on the floor and extinguished the flames, when, of course, all danger ceased. One of the gentlemen present, when describing his experience, said: "I never knew before what it was to be sick from fear. When I saw the infernal stuff burning, and felt that every man of us would be blown to atoms in five seconds, every muscle of my body seemed palsied. I gasped for breath, my head swam, and I only felt a deathly sensation of nausea in my stomach. All present turned an ashy paleness of the face. Then I vainly wondered whether there would be any pain in the death-stroke. The remembrance of a nitro-glycerine horror, where the still palpitating heart of one of its victims was picked up a minute after the explosion came to my mind, and I surmised whether my heart would undergo that strange experience after being torn from my body. The thought of my family caused me the most poignant anguish, and tears coursed down my cheeks. Then several incidents of my life, of which I can not speak with pride, were vividly presented to my mind's eye, and induced vague reflections on the subject of future punishment. Sometimes in my dreams I have felt myself in the presence of frightful peril, such as lying in the path of an express train or tottering on the brink of a vast abyss, but was utterly incapable of moving hand or foot for my preservation. So I seemed in this case. I could not lift a finger, or make a move. After what seemed to be an eternity of waiting for my inevitable fate, my attention was arrested by a movement on the part of the workman, who took off his coat hurriedly. Then he bent forward, and with the utmost deliberation, laid it on the pool of fire, moving it gently along and patting it with his hands until every spark was extinguished. The reaction from the terrible suspense was almost overpowering, and I felt weak as a child, but on going out into the open air my old-time spirits came back very rapidly. May I never have another such experience." —*Bradford Era*.

#### Beheading Pirates.

A public execution in Shanghai is thus described: I went to see six Chinese pirates beheaded yesterday. The open square where all the executions take place was filled with Chinese of all ages and conditions, and a few Europeans among them. The prisoners were the most forlorn starlings I ever saw, and betrayed no more fear at their approaching fate than if they were to be spectators at an execution. A huge Tartar officiated as executioner. He was armed with a native sword, and stood on a small platform in the center of the square. After the criminals, with their hands tied behind, had been taken upon the stage the executioner took one of the pirates by the arm, brought him to the edge of the platform, hit him a sharp rap with his hand on the head, which caused the poor fellow to bow his head, and then the executioner's sword went up, was poised in the air a full half-minute, and, with a sweep, the glittering blade descended, and the poor criminal's head went flying off in one direction and the body in another. One by one the others met their fate in the same way, the Tartar making a very short, business-like job of it, merely turning to receive the plaudits of the crowd after each head rolled off, and responded by a grin which showed every one of his teeth. But the stolidity of the poor wretches was beyond description. Not a muscle quivered, and, even when waiting for the blade of the executioner to fall, I could not detect a sign of emotion. The crowd seemed to enjoy the sight immensely, and set up a yell of delight at each cut of the Tartar's sword. I am told that executions are common here.

**TEAS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.**—Dried leaves of sage, one-half ounce; boiling water, one quart; steep for three-quarters of an hour and then strain for use; sugar can be added to suit the taste. Peppermint, spearmint, balm, hoarhound and other herb teas are made in the same manner.

St. Petersburg is a city of *gourmets*. The long nights in winter, and the excessive cold and discomfort out of doors, drive the inhabitants to in-door pleasures. They consequently pay great attention to the *cuisine*, and the cooks become *cordon-bleus*. The best *cuisine* is, of course, the French, and there are French *chefs* in many of the houses, but the Russians have a number of national dishes they are fond of, especially soups—cabbage soup eaten with sour cream, cucumber soup, and a cold, sour soup, which they swear by, but which is not very agreeable to a foreign palate. The root vegetables, turnips, beets, etc., are remarkably good; so are watermelons and cucumbers, while game, snipe, woodcock, partridges, white partridges, hazel grouse, black cock, *coqs d'au bois*, and hare are all abundant in their season and good. In the way of fish, the salmon is excellent, and they have trout, pot-fish, perch, grayling, sequis, somewhat like a striped bass, and the famous sterlet, which I do not think deserves its reputation. Its roe makes the best caviare. The regular Russian restaurant is not to be seen in St. Petersburg. There is one in Moscow, they call the Hermitage, which is thoroughly Russian. A feature of these restaurants is an immense mechanical organ, which grinds out lively airs during dinner. One can hardly talk. The correct thing to do is to take, before dinner, a "zacouska," which being interpreted means a preliminary lunch, a small glass of *liqueur*, generally "vodki," with salt fish or caviare, or a little cheese. This is supposed to whet dulled appetite. Besides the pleasures of the table, the Russians rely greatly upon cards to pass the long winter evenings. They play a great deal and play high. Whist, with some modifications in the counting; baccarat, and a game they call "quinza," something like "Boston," are their principal games. Cards are a monopoly in Russia, and their importation is strictly prohibited. The profits on their sale go to the support of the Foundlings' Hospital, and it is magnificently supported. Any infant can be brought there, and no questions are asked either as regards the mother or the child, and no payment is necessary. It is said to be the only place in Russia where no passport is required.—*The Penn Monthly*.

## CATARRH

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IT is a fact that can be substantiated by the most respectable testimonials ever offered in favor of any proprietary medicine, that the RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH does in every case afford instant and permanent relief. No matter of how long standing, or how severe the disease, the first dose gives such evidence of its value in the treatment of all the affections that confidence is at once put in its ability to do all that is claimed for it. The testimony of physicians, druggists, and patients is unanimous on this point, and the accumulating evidence is in point of respectability superior to any ever before obtained in favor of a powerful remedy. The proprietors, therefore, may justly feel proud of the position this remedy has attained, and believe it worthy of its reputation.

#### 10 YEARS A SUFFERER.

From Hon. Theo. P. Bogert, Bristol, R. I.

Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER, *Gentlemen*.—Feeling thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, I am induced to drop you a line to say that although I have been sceptical of all the nostrums advertised as "radical cures," I have never found anything that promises such relief and ultimate cure as that of SANFORD'S. I have been afflicted with this dreadful disease for more than ten years, and not until recently could I be induced to persevere with any until I read the letter of Mr. HENRY WELLS, and can truthfully say that after using five or six bottles I am thoroughly convinced of its curative properties. Hoping that others similarly afflicted like myself will be induced to make the trial, I am, gentlemen, very truly, etc. THEO. P. BOGERT. Bristol, R. I., July 24, 1877.

### CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS,

Such as Sore, Weak, Inflamed, Red, and Watery Eyes; Ulceration and Inflammation of the Ear; Ringing Noises in the Head; Sore Throat; Elongation of the Uvula and Swelled Tonsils; Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Clouded Memory, Loss of Nervous Force, Depression of Spirits, etc.—are all carefully and scientifically treated with this remedy according to directions which accompany each bottle, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of stamp.

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## OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

### Little Mischief.

Little mischief! Have you seen him?  
Let me show him up to you;  
With his tumbled curls so golden,  
And his eyes of roguish blue.

Two years old is little Mischief,  
Years well spent by him, I ween;  
Spent in learning naught but witchcraft  
Funnest baby ever was seen.

Little feet that patter, patter,  
Back and forth the long day through;  
Little tongue that wags and chatters,  
Till you scarce know what you do.

Little chubby hands caress you,  
Pull your collar, pull your hair,  
Pinch your ears and steal the hair pine,  
Lead you blindfold everywhere.

Little head that's busy ever,  
Finding something new to do;  
Naughty often, but so clever—  
We can't punish him, could you?

Makes a pang of every treasure  
From his rattle to his shoe;  
Hammers household goods at leisure,  
Possibly your poor nose, too.

Then, with eyes so full of sorrow,  
As he hears you hurried, "Oh!"—  
He'll forget it ere to-morrow—  
Says he'll "pang dear mamma, too!"

Holds the kitten by the tail,  
Stands the "bow-wow" on one ear,  
Makes a "dum" of his tin pail,  
Struts about so very queer.

Stands "on head" if you but ask him,  
Hugs the baby in the glee;  
Drives his little wooden pony  
With his whip without a lash.

By and by he gets quite tired—  
Little Mischief—and tired eyes  
Wink and blink, and "tis too funny  
How to keep awake he tries;

But 'tis useless, and we lay him  
Neath the blankets soft and warm,  
And with good night breathe a prayer,  
"Never let him come to harm."

Cousin DORA.

### The Good Dog Jack.

One warm spring morning we heard a great shout, and on going to see what it all meant we saw a large, dark object just sweeping out of the river into the lake, and realized, before any one could tell us, that the ice had carried away our bridge, and that all communication between us and the town was, for the present, cut off. How now were we to get our mail, fresh meat, and dozens of other things which we were dependent upon the village for? We be-  
wailed our isolated condition for a day or two, when a ferry was established, which was hauled from one side to another by ropes. This was very tedious for foot passengers, and, as the ferry was large and clumsy, the man that tended it found it very hard to pull across and back for only one person. So some large planks were fastened together, forming a float, that reached clear across, and although it was very narrow walking and the river very deep at this point, we soon grew accustomed to it, and ran backward and forward without fear.

One day I went to town on an errand, and, meeting some young cousins, they proposed buying a couple of gallons of molasses and having some candy and popped corn. So we got a large jug and had it filled at the store, but on returning home they found their mother anything but pleased with the idea.

"I can't have the kitchen all in a muss with molasses candy," she protested; "you will get it all over everything, dath up every pan I've got, and leave it all for the girl to clean up; she's busy enough now, and I won't have it." In vain we promised all sorts of good behavior, Aunt L. was cross and obstinate.

"Never mind; don't let us be cheated out of a good time this way. Come over to my house and we will pop corn and boil candy as long as we feel inclined to," I urged. So we all started, four of us, with little Schuyler, a lad 8 years old, carrying the jug of molasses. He ran ahead of us and commenced to cross the river on the float. Suddenly there was a scream, a loud splash, and there was Schuyler in the water, and even as we looked he sank out of sight. No man was in sight, not even the ferryman, and we all ran toward the spot, screaming and wringing our hands; but some one else was along that was not counted when I said there were four of us. That fifth one dashed like lightning past us, reached the spot before we could, and, springing into the water, caught Schuyler with his teeth as the child came up, and held his head out of water.

It was dear old Jack, who had taken in the situation as quickly as ourselves, and rushed to the rescue. Our agonized screams attracted attention, and soon half a dozen pair of arms belonging to some fishermen had relieved Jack of his burden and placed Schuyler, all dripping and terribly frightened, on the plank float again. As soon as his chattering teeth would let him, he wailed out: "Oh, the jug! I had to let go of it, and it has gone to the bottom." Dear little cousin, we were only too rejoiced that it was the jug, and not he, that had "gone to the bottom," which he certainly would have done had it not been for Jack. In falling in he had pitched forward, and was so far from the float that we could not reach him when he came up the first time, and, as it was several minutes before help came, he would certainly have been drowned but for the dog.

"How came he to fall in?" Well, he was running along, faster than he should go in such a dangerous place, and stubbed his toe. Somehow we had lost all desire that day for molasses candy, and we returned to aunt's a very sober and crestfallen party. When Jack had shaken himself dry, we hugged him and praised him all the evening.

While the ferry was still in use, and before the new bridge was finished, I concluded one day to take the next early morning train for Cleveland. One of these same cousins was with me the evening before, and as I had to get up before daylight to catch the train she proposed that I get ready and go home

with her that night, as her house was nearer the depot, and she feared the ferryman would not be on hand early enough in the morning to take me across the river. I fell in with her plan, and after packing a hand-bag, and gathering a big bouquet to take to friends in Cleveland, we locked up the house and started for my aunt's. When we reached the ferry no one was there to haul us over. We waited a long time; it was growing quite dark, still the ferryman did not make his appearance. "Let us go around by the railroad bridge," I suggested. "I am afraid to," answered my cousin. "I am so lonely, so far from any house, and there are such dreadful stories now-a-days about tramps." "We have got Jack with us," I urged, "and he is ample protection. It is growing later all the time, and we will have to go at last, I fear, no matter how long we wait." So we started, and soon reached the bridge, which was a swinging one, one half open and the other half covered close by sides and top. When we had crossed the open, space, and were about to enter the covered part, which was so dark we could only feel our way along the planks that were laid for foot passengers, we heard footsteps approaching, and Jack, who was ahead, commenced to growl ominously. "Get out, you brute," we heard a man say, but Jack kept on, and, cursing and swearing fearfully, the man retraced his steps. When we got through the bridge, with our hearts beating fearfully and clinging to one another in fright, there, on an elevation, where Jack had driven him, was one of the worst species of tramp we had ever seen. A brawny, dirty, desperate-looking fellow, who looked as if ready to do any wicked deed. Jack kept between us and the man until we had passed, then fell in our path, following after, not dashing ahead as before. Oh! how relieved we were when we neared the first house on the road, and how thankful to reach home, and how often we were called to relate our adventure; and every time we told it Jack sat up, slowly wagging his tail, as if he understood that he was the hero of the hour.

### The Mackerel.

The mackerel is quite a sociable fish among those of its own blood, moving always in great families or schools. When it comes inshore from the deep sea it is always with an innumerable company, which seems to move with a sort of regimental front, and wheeling from left to right, the point d'appui being that portion of the shore, naturally the southernmost that it frequents, where earliest in the season the fresh-water fish return to their native streams. The mackerel's shoreward movements are not always due to its own hunger, but frequently to that of the tunny and other predaceous fish which are fond of fresh mackerel. The discreetness of the fish under such circumstances is highly praised by scientists, and is cheerfully recognized by the honest fishermen, who welcome the fugitives heartily upon their arrival, and care for them so effectively that when the next tooth of the tormentor threatens them it will be unfelt and uncared-for. The means of welcoming the mackerel are several—seines, nets, weirs and pounds being as effective as the hook. The success of the last-named implement is due to the plebeian habits of the fish while dining. It seldom bites, nor does it prolong the enjoyment of a choice delicacy by nibbling, but it vulgarly swallows at a single gulp whatever is set before it. Selecting its food by appearance instead of flavor, it is not wonderful that a bit of red flannel, a bright "spoon," or even a bare fish-hook seems worth taking. What disappointed fishermen on "the Banks" are pleased to term the (qualified) fastidiousness of the fish seems to contradict this statement of the mackerel's gustatory habits, but the apparent capriciousness with which these fish appear and disappear at a vessel's side is due to temperature instead of taste. Lying at a depth of perhaps 200 fathoms, in cool water, the fish hurry to the surface for the chopped bait which fishermen throw overboard to attract them; the surface water, however, is generally too warm to be endured for more than a few moments, and they hurry back home as soon as comfort becomes more desirable than food.

When the mackerel disappears, which they do frequently during the season, and afterward for a long time—they seek for depth rather than distance. They remain off the coast, but far this side of the Gulf stream, throughout the warm season, but in water sufficiently deep to meet their views in point of temperature. They often lie in vast schools within a mile or less of equally numerous herring, for which fish the mackerel has a yearning throat; but, while the mackerel are 200 fathoms down, the herring are within fifteen or twenty fathoms of the surface. Between these two zones, a distance of only a few seconds, mackerel time, the water is too warm to permit even a hungry mackerel to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, so these life-long enemies remain within sight of each other in a state of truce—until the coming of cold weather.—*John Habberton, in Harper's Magazine.*

A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head, and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.

An engineer banks his fire far oftener than he banks his cash.

### HEARTSEASE.

Of all the bonny buds that blow,  
In bright or cloudy weather,  
Of all the flowers that come and go,  
The whole twelve months together,  
The little purple pansy brings  
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once;  
She used to give me posies;  
Her eyes were blue as hyacinths,  
And lips as red as roses.  
Everybody used to praise  
Her handsome looks and winsome ways.

The other boys that went to school  
Would make such silly speeches,  
Because I took her every day,  
The biggest plums and peaches,  
And always at the door would wait  
To carry home her books and slates.

They couldn't see with point and fling  
The mighty fascination  
About that little snub-nosed thing  
To win such admiration—  
As if there weren't a dozen girls  
With nicer eyes and longer curls.

One thing they knew as well as day,  
For I never could see clearly  
Why more than Marian or May  
I should be loved so dearly;  
I asked her why was all of this;  
She only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased her tell me why—  
I wished to know the reason,  
When from a dower-bed close by,  
Where the panies were in season,  
She picked and gave a flower to me  
With sweet but simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," she said,  
"With lilies pale and daisies clear,  
With roses and verbenas red,  
And fuchsias' purple splendor;  
But over and above the rest  
This little heartsease suits me best."

"Am I your little Heartsease, then?"  
I asked, with blushing pleasure.  
She answered yes and yes again,  
Heartsease and dearest treasure,  
That round the world or all the sea  
Held nothing half so dear as me.

I listened with a proud delight—  
Too rare for words to capture—  
Not even dreamed such sudden blight  
Would come to chill my rapture;  
I could not foresee the tender bloom  
Of panies round a little tomb.

Life holds some stern experience  
Which most of us discover,  
But I've had other losses since  
I lost my little lover;  
But the little purple pansy brings  
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

### Fruit Trees by the Roadside.

The early settlers of many towns in the New England States planted rows of apple or pear trees along the line of the road in front of their premises. Sometimes the trees were placed inside and at other times outside of the fence. This fashion of planting fruit trees was quite common, for in some parts of Massachusetts and Maine there are unbroken lines of apple trees by the side of certain old roads ten miles in length. Some of these trees were planted in colonial days, and others during or shortly after the Revolution. It is certain that they bear age well and many of them, now over a century old, continue to bear fruit in abundance. One famous old tree, well remembered by the writer of this article, produced thirty-seven bushels of apples in a recent season. It was planted, according to tradition, the spring after the battle of Bunker Hill.

It is obvious there is something about the peculiar location of these trees that accounts for their remarkable vigor and hardiness. They had no advantage in the way of protection. It is fair to presume that they had little, if any, cultivation. Perhaps their hardiness is due to the circumstances of their exposure and the want of cultivation. Their growth was slow, and the wood formed was very firm. They had a ditch very near them, which insured excellent drainage. This ditch had much to do in keeping the trees healthy and vigorous. Fine dust and animal droppings were carried by the wind from the road and deposited on the foliage of the trees and on the earth above their roots. These were excellent fertilizers, and they were applied in small quantities almost every day. Portions of the roots of many of the trees were covered by a stone wall, which served the purpose of a perpetual mulch.

Farmers in the new West may benefit from the history of these old trees that were set out by men who planted "better than they knew." A roadside possesses many advantages for successful tree-raising, some of which have been mentioned. The laws of most of the Western States encourage tree-planting on the line of roads, and make it an offense to injure trees so planted. It is more profitable to plant fruit than forest trees. The latter are useful as well as ornamental. If stock is not allowed to run at large, trees on the line of public roads are less liable to injury than in an inclosed field that is plowed. In a well-regulated neighborhood there is little danger that trees will be robbed. By planting trees that produce late fruit the temptations to steal will be removed. The fashion of "the fathers" of setting fruit trees on the side of roads deserves to be revived.—*Chicago Times.*

### Cost of a Roman Triumph.

The following, according to Dean Swift, was the bill of costs of a Roman triumph:

	£	s.	d.
For frankincense and earthen pots to burn it in.....	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice.....	8	0	0
An embroider'd garment.....	50	0	0
A crown of laurel.....	0	0	0
A statue.....	100	0	0
A trophy.....	80	0	0
A thousand copper medals (value penny apiece).....	2	1	8
A triumphal arch.....	500	0	0
A triumphal car (valued as a modern coach).....	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph.....	150	0	0
Total.....	934	11	10

### She Forgot Something.

Norristown Herald.

A lady in Portland, Maine, called at a jewelry store, and after making a purchase went home. Two hours later a messenger called at the house and informed her that she left something at the jeweler's. "Now, let me see," she mused, "what can it be? Here is my pocket-book, and there on the sofa is my fan,

and I have my gold watch here, and my bonnet—why, where is my bonnet?—oh, there it is on the floor; it fell off the table—and really I can't think what I have forgotten—Why, to be sure! How absent minded I am! I declare if I haven't left my darling, precious babe!" And so she had—only that and nothing more.

### Killed at a Tournament.

Henry II. of France, who excelled in every exercise of chivalry, was peculiarly fond of tournaments, and gave a splendid succession of them on the marriage, by proxy, of Elizabeth to Phillip II., at Paris. The lists extended from the Palace of the Tournelles to the Bastille, across the street of St. Antoine. In the first two days the King broke several lances with Lords of his court, in all of which he showed extraordinary vigor and address. On the third day of the tournament—June 30, 1559—toward the close of the evening, and before the conclusion, Henry showed a great inclination to try his prowess against the Count de Montgomeri, Captain of his Life Guards, who had formerly wounded Francis I. so dangerously on the head, at Romorantin in Berri, and was distinguished for his superior address in these combats above any nobleman in the kingdom. Catherine de Medici, as if by a secret presage of the event, entreated the King not to re-enter the lists; but he resisted her solicitations, saying he would break one lance more in her honor. Montgomeri accepted the challenge with great reluctance. Henry commanded him to obey, and even fought with his vizor raised; but authors are not quite agreed whether it was raised intentionally, or flew open by a blow from Montgomeri's lance, in an encounter which was so violent that the Count's lance broke against the King's helmet; he then fought with the stump which remained in his hand, and with it had the misfortune to strike the King so violent a blow under the eyes as threw him to the ground, and deprived him instantly of both speech and understanding, though he lived eleven days afterward. This circumstance occasioned the suppression of tournaments in France.

### Our Verb.

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Dubois, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them so troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw your friend Mrs. Murkeson just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping; am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh! yes, I remember; break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes! And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in our city—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No, she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly, it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off?"

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard of that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A breaker, and a very fine young fellow. Good-day."

So much for the verb "to break."

"JOHN O' Groat's House" is a phrase used to designate an ancient building formerly situated on Duncansby Head, remarkable for being the most northerly point in Great Britain. John o' Groat and his brothers were originally from Scotland, and are said to have settled here about 1489. According to tradition, the house was of an octagonal shape, being one room with eight windows and eight doors, to admit eight members of the family, the heads of eight different branches of it, to prevent their quarrels for precedence at table, which, on a previous occasion, had well nigh proved fatal. Each came in by this contrivance at his own door, and sat at an octagonal table, at which, of course, there was no chief place, or head.

### A Lake Roofed with Salt.

No, it isn't frozen salt; and it isn't under the ground. It is in summer time, and open to the sky. And this is the explanation:

In Siberia, where this wonder is to be found, the summer heat is intense, and turns the upper part of the waters of the lake into a light mist, which floats away into the air. The change from water to mist takes place so quickly that large masses of salt are left in solid crystals, which cake together, arching slightly over the water, and forming a roof eight or nine inches thick, so strong that beasts of burden pass over it in safety, drawing their loads behind them.

Now, is this salt roof good to skate on? That is the question; but what's the answer?—*St. Nicholas.*

### Milk and Limewater.

A paper read to the Medical Society of the State of New York contained some valuable notes on the use of milk and lime for invalids. The writer said he had used milk and limewater for years as a diet for his patients, with great success, particularly in cases involving nerve centers, that are acknowledged to be little under the command of the accepted modes of treatment, such, for instance, as marasmus, anæmia, paralysis, indigestion, neuralgia, cholera, dementia and alcoholism. Also in cases where the nutritive functions are at fault, milk (with a pinch of salt), being rendered very acceptable to the stomach by the lime, is the most digestible and nourishing food that can be given. It allays gastric and intestinal irritability, offers a duly prepared chyle to the absorbents, supplies the blood with all the elements of nutrition, institutes healthy tissue changes, stimulates the secreting and excreting glands, and, in a word, provides nature with the material to sustain herself in her contest with disease. If it be conceded that nature always accomplishes the cure whenever it is secured, and that drugs merely aid, direct or modify her efforts to this end, it must be self-evident that the food, which supplies the vital forces with all the power of resistance they possess, is a matter of the first importance, and that milk acted on with lime, provided it contains all the essential properties of other articles epitomized, and is more friendly than any or all of them, has a range of application almost as extensive as disease itself, whatever its character and whoever the patient.

### Ancient Customs About the Beard.

Mr. Darwin in his "Descent of Man" inclines to the belief that the beard was originally ornamental. Ladies like a bearded man; he was popular in primitive society, could select the fairest fair; his offspring resembled him, and so on, according to the popular statements of this theory of selection. If this view be true, it must be admitted that women soon changed their minds. "There is no wife for a bearded man," says a Maori proverb. The Northmen who settled in Iceland were entirely of the opposite way of thinking, and the only reproach that his foes brought against Njal was his lack of a beard. The Egyptians, as a rule, were clean shaven, especially the priests. The neighboring Lybians, on the other hand, were bearded, and the Northern maritime enemies of the Egyptians, probably the early Greeks, wore rather thin yellow beards. Yet out of shaven Egypt the Israelites carried beards which they highly respected. To cut an exroy's beard was a gross insult, and he was obliged to tarry somewhere till his beard was grown. Friends might touch the beard in a reverential sort of way, and thus Jacob took hold of that of Amassa and ran him through the body with his sword. The Assyrian Kings wore enormous beards, and many curled tiers, or stories, and we have an impression that some Orientals carried their beards in a box. Dr. Doran, in writing on the beard, gravely maintains that the early Greeks were shaven, and that they called bearded alien races "barbarous," connecting the word with barba, a "beard." But Homer's Greeks, we know, wore their beards, and the Egyptian monuments are sometimes bearded.—*London News.*

MULLEIN CURES CONSUMPTION.—A correspondent of the Lexington (Ky.) Press wrote as follows about the flower of a well-known plant: "I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction I have thought that philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is the common mullein steeped strongly and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drunk freely. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is very good for the blood-vessels also. It strengthens and builds up the system, instead of taking away the strength; it makes good blood and takes inflammation away from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this recipe for the benefit of the human family. Lay this by, and keep it in the house ready for use.

### Nothing Like Success.

"There is nothing," said little Mr. Barkingdale, who was jumping at the top hook in the hat-rack with his new silk hat—"there is nothing"—he panted, with another desperate jump—"succeeds"—and up he went again—"like"—and he made a jump that a kangaroo would have envied—"like"—he shouted, as he hung his hat fairly over the hook, hung on to the brim just a second, too long, tore it clear off, pulled the hook through the side of his hat, and then, as the whole hat-rack came over on top of him, and he thrust his head through the mirror in the middle of it, he roared in desperate and legitimate conclusion—"success." And all the rest of the guests seemed to think that way, too, for the enthusiasm was tremendous.

To SWEAR off smoking and then be presented with a 25-cent cigar is one of those dreadful things which will occasionally happen. People talk of suffering, but they have no idea of the meaning of the word until they are brought to this experience.



# The Bismarck Tribune.

G. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
Weekly, One Year, \$2.50  
" Six Months, 1.50  
" Three Months, .75

## Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Sunday excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:15 a. m.  
Leaves for Fort Stevens, Berthold and Burdick every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m.; arriving every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 3:30 p. m.  
Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday at 8 p. m.  
Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.; and arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday, at 4 p. m.  
Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.  
Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. On Sundays from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, FRIDAY, MAR. 19, 1880.

At THE TRIBUNE office may be seen the latest map of Dakota, published by the Interior Department, and presented by Hon. G. G. Bennett. It is the most complete map yet published.

THE Fargo Argus states that manager Sargent claims he did not know anything about the delay of mails until March 4th, about twenty days after the blockade began. The moon is made of green cheese.

THAT indefatigable committee of five "got in its work" again last Tuesday night, and Dennis Hannauff was elected chairman of the Democratic Central Committee for ninety-nine years, he being the only man in the country likely to live that length of time. This was the most judicious selection of all.

WHILE the Northwestern Transportation company is running stages from Bismarck to Deadwood in forty-six hours, the coaches on the Cheyenne route are four and five days on the road. When the Northern Pacific makes good connections who can say that the Bismarck route is not the best one to the Hills?

THE Fargo Republican, one of the most widely-circulated papers in the territory, has come out in a new dress. The appearance of the sheet is very much improved, by the new type obtained of the St. Paul Type Foundry. This St. Paul institution now ranks among the leading foundries of the country. THE TRIBUNE job office has just received a large invoice of new type from it.

SENATOR LOGAN's speech on the case of Fitz John Porter was the most exhaustive and elaborate of any speech on military affairs since the close of the war. Gen. Porter has been untiring in his efforts to obtain redress for a great wrong and has had a body of men to work against composed of the strongest element in the House and senate for years back, to say nothing of the outside prejudice and jealousy coming from many quarters. Senator Logan has pursued Porter relentlessly, his speech exhibiting the most bitter prejudice and being a rehash of the case as presented by the first court martial that was held at a time when it was impossible to get unbiased witnesses or documentary evidence such as was produced in the last hearing of the case which resulted in the court fully exonerating Gen. Porter from all the charges upon which he was dismissed. The Pioneer-Press speaks thus of Logan: "He nurses the errors and prejudices of the war, shuts his eyes to any facts that have been brought to light since he made his choice between the Union and confederate service and won his spurs by the blatant valor of his loyal lungs, regards the decision of this first court martial as final, denies the legality of the rehearing and refuses to listen to its evidence, and declines to admit the possibility of righting a wrong done by his noble comrades of the corps of political generals a score of years ago. Porter has lived for a third of a life time under a grievous weight of injustice, which no tardy atonement can remove." That a democratic congress can hesitate for a moment to grant full redress and restoration to rank, of Gen. Porter, after so many years of unjust persecution, is a mystery.

THAT insignificant fuzz upon a gun-wad, alias the Yankton Press & Dakotian, is just now amusing itself and likewise its readers by its puny efforts to show that Southern Dakota is God's own land while the northern half is the abode of Laplanders and Esquimaux. It says, in speaking of Yankton, that: "Winter here is a season of delight, with open windows, shirt sleeves and meadow larks in abundance. Northern Dakota is an appropriate name for the hyperborean region. It is suggestive of the cool condition of things up there. By all means call it Northern Dakota, unless 'Arctic Dakota' would suit the inhabitants as well." While the climate throughout Dakota may be generally the same, and that a delightful one, yet it is an undeniable fact that Yankton has more severe storms

than Bismarck ever had. In the winter of 1872-3 Mr. Wilkins, then secretary of the territory, lost his way in crossing the street, and two dollars was paid Mr. Goodrich, of this city, to carry a package two blocks. Business men were unable to get to their places of business for two or three days. Two men in this city ventured out and after facing the blasts one block found themselves struggling in a snow-drift on the balcony of the Merchants Hotel, the snow having drifted to that extent. Bismarck may have some bad blizzards but it cannot compete with Yankton. The P. & D. as aforesaid, had better reduce speed on its ridicule of the northern half lest it soon assumes the proportion of three-quarters.

## DAKOTA DIGEST.

Sioux City has donated over \$1,000 to the Irish-Relief Fund.

Pembina is to have a new flouring mill. Pembina is flourishing.

The second page of the Jamestown Alert of Feb. 17th, was filled with the spiciest editorials ever seen in that sheet.

James Bartholemew, of the Herald, is prominently spoken of as the delegate to the Chicago convention from Dakota.

G. S. Kenney, in a long article published in the Fargo Times, says: "The city has incurred an indebtedness up to January 15th, 1880, \$12,248.14. The indebtedness of the city up to Jan. 15, 1879, was \$2,569.62; so that the present administration has saddled a debt upon the city of \$9,679.52, and what have they got to show for it?"

Rev. E. K. Lessel, formerly of Deadwood, a popular young divine, died recently in New York under sad circumstances. He left Deadwood broken in health from long continued missionary service, and was thrown overboard by the Episcopal church when his health precluded active service. His Deadwood friends sent him money to furnish the necessities of life during his last illness.

The Territorial Democratic Central Committee met at Deadwood Monday to choose delegates to the Cincinnati convention. R. D. Kelly, of the 1st district, was chosen as regular, and D. W. Maratta of Bismarck, alternate; Chas. K. Howard, of the 4th district, as regular, and F. M. Seiback, of the 3rd district, as alternate. The Times says: "The delegates go to the convention unimpaired, and can and will use their best judgment in selecting the candidates that will go up Salt River next fall."

## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

They Will Get the Highest Market Price for Wheat this Year.

The Bismarck Flouring mills are now complete from roof to cellar, fully fitted and worked with most approved patents for turning out flour of the finest quality. The extreme cold weather tended to darken the flour slightly, but an addition of two steam heaters, through which all the wheat passes overcomes this, and now after its ramifications through crushers, cleaners, two full chests of bolts, eighteen set of elevators, it comes out as white as snow. The blockade of the road blockaded the mill. No wheat with which to keep the machinery in motion. It is the intention of Messrs. Bennett & Bart to pay a price for wheat the coming season, that will prevent any of the crop raised within a radius of fifty miles of Bismarck, being sold elsewhere. Farmers can put in large crops and depend upon market prices. In its present order the mill can turn out one hundred and fifty barrels per day easily. Farmers and parties interested in the development of the country, should pay the mill a visit and examine this valuable addition to Bismarck's prosperity.

## For the Spring Trade.

W. B. Watson, one of the leading dry goods merchants of this city, leaves in a few days for New York and other eastern cities to purchase his spring stock of dry goods. There have been many new styles inaugurated for the spring wear in the east, and Mr. Watson proposes to make a thorough inspection and purchase only the best and latest styles. He will bring back with him the largest and finest stock of ladies' fine dress goods, notions, etc., ever brought to this city, and as he buys for cash will be able to sell his goods at the lowest figure. Mr. Watson now offers a few job lots of clothing and goods at a low price, in order to make room for his mammoth spring stock.

## Amusements.

The new stars arriving on the 18th inst. are Miss Kitty Wells, serio-comic and change artist, and Master Monerief, the boy character and vocalist. Both artists created a great sensation in the Hills, and were warmly congratulated by the press. Foley and Waters are the only departures. Miss Emma Wells, the finest singer ever on a Bismarck stage, has recovered, and is pleasing her host of friends. Miss Ray also remains a favorite, and Donaldson and Chas. Archer receive great applause nightly. Manager Whitney will spare no expense to make his popular resort flourish over this season, and has already perfected arrangements for the best talent on the variety stage.

## Happy, Happy Day.

Mr. H. H. Day, of the firm of Day & Lantz, jewelers of this city, was married at River Falls, Wis., Wednesday, Feb. 11, to Miss Emma M. Lowell of that place. The young couple were unfortunately en route on their bridal tour to encounter the Northern Pacific road, and after a delay of two weeks at Fargo, were passengers on the recent blockaded train to Jimtown, reaching Bismarck after a forty-mile ride overland, making the balance of the trip in a Caboose with other passengers. Mr. Day is one of our popular and energetic young business men, and THE TRIBUNE wishes the happy couple many Days of prosperity and happiness.

# THE LAND OF YELLOW GOLD

## THE BLACK HILLS AND THEIR HIDDEN TREASURES.

A Mass of Valuable Information Being Gathered for the "Tribune's" Illustrated Edition—An Immense Country.

Editorial Correspondence of The Tribune.

## A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE.

DEADWOOD, March 8, 1880.—My intended stay of three or four days has been lengthened into nearly three weeks. I found so much of interest in connection with the mines and the country that I could not get away. I at first thought I'd make arrangements with others to gather material for the illustrated edition of THE TRIBUNE, but concluded to do it myself, and prepare the matter while here in order to be certainly correct in my statements.

The owners of the mines and mills have given me every facility for gaining information, and have visited every portion of the mines, witnessed every feature of mining and milling, and have examined, even, over two hundred thousand dollars in bullion, which was deposited in the express office for transportation east, after the 29th of February clean up from three mines. The gold from the Father DeSmet for twenty-five days in February was \$61,000, from only eighty stamps, and the yield for the past year from this mine was something over half a million.

## THE HOMESTEAKE

is also producing about \$110,000 per month, the Deadwood \$45,000, the Golden Terra \$60,000, the Highland \$15,000, but the new 120-stamp mill will run this up to \$80,000; the Caledonian \$40,000, Gopher \$10,000, High Lode \$30,000, Durango \$10,000, Eschard \$10,000, Rhoderick Dhu \$12,000, and other mills about \$50,000. Larger mills than have ever before been put up in any country have been ordered for other mines. The Homestake people now have two mills larger than any in any other country, but even these 120-stamp mills are to be outranked, though the quartz mills of the Hills are now producing about six million dollars per annum.

I reserve for the illustrated edition to appear in April, a mass of information in relation to the mines and the country, which will prove of great value and of unusual interest to those who desire to take advantage of the flood in mining affairs, which so certainly leads on to fortune. Every day something in mining matters occurs, which, if given to the world would serve to attract attention to the Hills, develop its resources, and make known the

## RICHEST MINERAL REGION

on the face of the earth. When Leadville is forgotten, the gold and silver mines of the Black Hills will continue to give up their treasures. In writing up the Hills I almost feel to tell the truth in relation to the Hills, lest the stories should seem incredible, this is particularly true of the Bald Mountain and Galena districts, where development is not sufficient to prove the prospects.

But there is no room for additional laborers in the Hills until capital opens new mines. Capital, however, will find abundant room for investment and need not hesitate a moment. Black Hills stocks are in the main perfectly safe, while scores of new interests as large as any in the Hills may be built up. Deadwood has

## RISEN FROM ITS ASHES,

made brighter and more substantial than before the fire, and scarcely a trace of the fire is left. It now has long rows of brick buildings, where before were cheap wooden structures, and the grandest brick block in the territory has been completed and is now occupied as the temple of Justice. Deadwood, with its four daily papers, its churches, schools, opera houses, good hotels, and excellent and well-organized society, is a better town to live in than many cities east of ten or fifteen thousand people. It's a good town and a good country, and the writer regrets that his times were not cast in the Black Hills from the beginning. He thought he realized the full measure of their importance, and to some extent the prospective wealth of the country; but he didn't know anything about it. The Black Hills papers are creditable journals, and give an immense amount of information in relation to the mines, but it is an accumulation of facts in interesting form, placed in new lights that the Black Hills needs, and THE TRIBUNE will endeavor to partially fill the bill in its illustrated edition to be published in April next.

## POLITICALLY

things are beginning to take shape in this part of the Hills, and the two factions of the R. publican party are endeavoring to harmonize their difficulties with a view to success in the fall campaign. Leading lights in both factions declare that they want no further disturbance in the party. From the present outlook the tide here is turning somewhat against Judge Bennett in favor of J. B. Raymond, but things may change before the summer is far advanced. Of course the old enemies of Judge Bennett have not been conciliated, and they have been reinforced in their opposition to him by Bullock, Ledwick, Marshman, and others, who contributed so much to Mr. Bennett's success in the last campaign. Mr. Bennett is in Congress under unfavorable circumstances, with both houses Democratic; with both parties retrenching at every possible point; with the President conceding to leading senators almost the entire patronage of the territories, there is but little that a Republican delegate can do; and therefore it is not surprising that many have been made to believe that the Judge has

## ACCOMPLISHED LITTLE FOR DAKOTA.

He has pressed, however, with considerable vigor a number of things for the in-

terests of the territory, and we believe no man could have accomplished more under the circumstances. Mr. Raymond, as all who know him will admit, is an active, earnest and intelligent gentleman who has made many friends during his residence in Dakota, in all parts of the territory, but whether he can walk off with the nomination against Judge Bennett, remains to be seen.

As to a division of the territory the papers of the Hills seem to be generally opposed. They are satisfied that they cannot secure the creation of a Black Hills territory, and are therefore anxious to hold onto their natural allies—the country north of Yankton, embracing the North Pacific and Sioux Falls regions.

## LETTER NO. 2.

DEADWOOD, March 15.—My intended stay of four days has lengthened into as many weeks, but I never spent a month in winter more pleasantly, not even in the south, so far as climate is concerned. True, there has been a few cold days, but the coldest here was 25 below during the cold snap, but I heard none complain. Deadwood is a cozy little place in the mountains, which afford protection from the blizzards of the plain. Sleighing has been good much of the time, and people have made the most of it.

Society at Deadwood is well organized, and the families of bankers, merchants, professional men and others seem to have united for the pleasure of each other, and meet sociably once every week, and as much oftener as circumstances will permit, strangers sojourning in the city being always welcome. I have had the pleasure of forming an extensive acquaintance among the good people of the city, and admire them for their hearty ways. Life is short at best, but those realize most on their collaterals who frequently step aside from their busy hum, and enjoy an evening with their neighbors, and indulging an honest effort to make it pleasant for those around them. The church societies and the churches, the select balls and all society gatherings at Deadwood are well attended, and the people are surely better and happier for it. I find

## THE MERCHANTS HOTEL

in Deadwood, as cozy and cheery a home as one could wish. It is furnished throughout with new Brussels carpet, and new walnut furniture. Mr. Wertheimer, the proprietor, is brim full of fun, and when ever the boys stir him up he just runs over, making all happy. Mrs. Wertheimer, too, acts well her part in making the stay of strangers pleasant. They live well too, as will be seen by the following Sunday bill of fare:

Soup—Ox tail with rice.  
Fish—Whiting with cream sauce.  
Boiled—Ham, Tongue with egg sauce, Beef with horseradish.  
Roast—Ribs of Beef, Loin of Venison with jelly, saddle of veal with dressing, turkey with cranberry sauce, ducks and geese, oyster dressing.  
Entrée—Veal pie domestic style, beef a la mode aux Champignons, apple fritters, strawberry short cake.  
Vegetables—Boston brown potatoes, steamed potatoes, sweet corn, hot-law tomatoes.  
Dessert—Mince pie, blueberry pie, lemon pie, custard pie, English plum pudding with brandy sauce, cakes, nuts, candies, green apples, etc.  
French coffee, sweet milk, crackers and cheese, tea.

Carpenters are now at work building an addition to the house, which will give much better dining room accommodations, and several additional sleeping rooms. The house is generally full, the servants are attentive and the bills reasonable.

The failure of the North Pacific road this winter has been a fearful drawback. People of the Black Hills cannot understand the necessity for it, and are ordering their spring goods shipped by other routes. The stages to Sidney are crowded but are running on two days time, against the two between Deadwood and Bismarck.

## ABUNDANT INFORMATION.

I am still gathering an immense amount of information in relation to the mines of the Black Hills, for the illustrated edition, which cannot fail to be interesting. Those who mourn because they did not come to the Hills in 1876, if they have means to prospect and develop mines can come now just as well for the opportunities are as great now as ever. The Hills will continue to grow in importance and favor. There are no stocks safer than Homestake, DeSmet and other belt mines, and several new interests will be placed on the cards during the present summer.

C. A. L.

**DR. J. S. FRAME,**  
SCIENTIFIC VETERINARIAN.

The only one in the city. Keeps a full line of Horse and Cattle Medicines always on hand at Cornfield & Malloy's Livery Stable, No. 17, Cornfield St.

# NOTICE

The large illustrated April edition of THE TRIBUNE has been extensively advertised in the east, and several hundred letters have already arrived, asking for copies. Some of these only contain one 3-cent stamp, when there should be three. To each of such persons a copy of this paper is sent, that they may remit two more stamps and get the illustrated edition. This edition will be sent out about the 1st of April, and will be the most complete guide to settlers in the west of anything yet published.

Remember, it is sent to any part of the country upon receipt of THREE 3-CENT STAMPS.

Address,  
BISMARCK TRIBUNE,  
Bismarck, D. T.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. A COPY sent free. Address THE TRIBUNE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

# Land Notices.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., Feb. 23, 1880.  
Complaint having been entered at this Office by Monroe D. Downes against Sarah A. Brant-hoover for abandoning her Homestead entry No. 62, dated June 29th, 1878, upon the southwest quarter Section 34, T. 14 S., R. 18 E., Range 75 N., North Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this Office on the 27th day of March, 1880, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MANTON, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver. 40 41.

LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T., Feb. 18th, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof to sustain his claim, and secure final entry thereon on Saturday the 20th day of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m., viz: John A. McLean, pre-emption D. S. No. 154, for the southeast quarter section 30, tp. 13 N., R. 7 E., and the following as his witnesses: Wm. Thomas, H. Jones, Alexander Cameron, James Mc Donnell and James L. Mandel, all of Burleigh Co., D. T. Post-office address, Bismarck, Burleigh Co., D. T.

PETER MANTON, Register.

39 43

## Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage made and executed by P. Erick H. Byrne and Catharine Byrne his wife, mortgagors, to M. P. Slattery, mortgagee, bearing date the 17th day of February, A. D. 1879, whereby the said mortgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said mortgagee, his heirs and assigns forever, the following described land and real estate, situated, lying and being in the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to-wit: the north half of the southeast quarter of Section number two, (2) in Township number one hundred and thirty-eight, (138) of Range number eighty-eight, (88) of the 5th P. M., to secure the payment of the sum of five hundred and ninety dollars, (\$590.00) according to the condition of a certain promissory note bearing even date with said mortgage, due one year from date with interest at twelve (12) per cent per annum until paid, and given by the said Patrick Byrne to the said M. P. Slattery, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, on the 22nd day of March, 1879, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in Book "115" of Mortgages on page "115." And Whereas there is claimed to be due on said Note and Mortgage the date of this notice, the sum of four hundred and seventy-nine dollars, (\$479.00) and the sum of four hundred and seventy-nine dollars, (\$479.00) and the sum of thirty dollars, allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney's fees in the case of the foreclosure of the same, and that no proceeding at law or otherwise have been taken to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided, the said debt, due and to be paid, by or for the said mortgagors, premises, at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the Sheriff of Burleigh county, D. T., or his deputy, at the front door of the City Hall in the City of Bismarck, the place where the District Court of said County was last held, said sale to be on the 27th day of April, A. D. 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M., of that day, to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said Note and Mortgage together with the sum of thirty dollars attorney's fees as aforesaid, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

Dated March 11th, 1880.

M. P. SLATTERY, Mortgagee.

FLANNERY & WERTHEIMER, Attorneys for Mortgagee. 42 48.

## Mortgage Sale

Default, Having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Henry Woods and Matilda Woods, his wife, mortgagors, to J. W. Watson, mortgagee, bearing date the 10th day of May, A. D. 1879, whereby the said mortgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said mortgagee, his heirs and assigns forever, the following described land and real estate, situated, lying and being in the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to-wit: Lot number three (3) in Block number fifty (50) in the City of Bismarck, according to the recorded plat thereof in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said County and Territory, which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of three hundred and twenty-seven dollars, (\$277.00) according to the condition of a certain promissory note bearing even date with said mortgage, payable ten months after date, with interest thereon at the rate of twelve (12) per cent per annum until paid, and given by the said Henry Woods to the said J. W. Watson, and which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1879, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in Book "115" of Mortgages on page "115."

And Whereas there is claimed to be due on said Note and Mortgage, the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of four hundred and ten dollars and ninety cents (\$410.90) and the sum of forty dollars, allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney's fees in case of the foreclosure of the same, and that no proceeding at law or otherwise have been taken to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided, the said debt, due and to be paid, by or for the said mortgagors, premises, at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the Sheriff of Burleigh County, D. T., or his deputy, at the front door of the City Hall in the City of Bismarck, the place where the District Court of said County was last held, said sale to be on the 31st day of April, A. D. 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M., of that day, to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said Note and Mortgage together with the sum of forty dollars, attorney's fees as aforesaid, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

Dated February 16th, 1880.

J. W. WATSON, Mortgagee.

Flannery & Wertheimer, Attorneys for Mortgagee.

## Dissolution of Corporation.

TERMINATION OF DAKOTA DISTRICT COURT, County of Burleigh. Third Judicial District. In the matter of the application of the "Bismarck, Northern Pacific & Black Hills Railway Company" for the dissolution of its corporate franchise.

Whereas, The board of directors of the Bismarck, Northern Pacific & Black Hills Railway Co., have applied to the District Court of the County of Burleigh in said Territory, for the dissolution of the said corporation, and that said Court of said Territory has ordered that notice of said application be published in the Bismarck Tribune, a weekly newspaper published in said City of Bismarck, once a week for one successive weeks, requiring all persons having objections, if any they have to the dissolution of said corporation, to file the same with the clerk of said Court, on or before the twenty-first day of June, 1880.

Dated Fargo, February, 7th, 1880.

Attest: A. H. BARNES, Judge.

LEON N. COREY, Clerk of Dist. Court.

## Notice To Creditors.

Notice is hereby given according to law to all persons having claims against late May J. Lambert, late of the City of Bismarck, Burleigh County, D. T., deceased, that the undersigned, required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased at his store and place of transacting business in Jamestown, Starkweather County, Dakota Territory, on or before the twenty-first day of June, 1880.

Dated February, 20, 1880.

S. F. LAMBERT, Executor.

39 43

GUNS

Lowest prices for known  
Breech-loading  
Rifles & Shot-guns  
OUR \$15 SHOT-GUN  
Send for our New  
Catalogue  
P. FOWELL & SON, 225 Main Street  
BOSTON, MASS.



## THE DEMOCRATIC POW WOW

LARGEST CONVENTION EVER  
HELD IN BISMARCK.

George Peoples the Choice of the  
Third Term Advocates—Wise  
Rulings of the Chair, "Vote  
Yes, or Get Out!"  
AN EXCITING CONVENTION.

Ticket number two is now in the field. It is a straight democratic ticket and composed mostly of young men. The convention was a noisy one. Pursuant to call last Tuesday night the whole city, with a few exceptions, turned out at City Hall, or as near thereto as they could get, only about 200 of them being able to obtain an entrance. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Dennis Hannafin, chairman of the Democratic central committee. Fun began with the nomination of Mr. Jas. A. Simmons as permanent chairman, who was unanimously elected, or as Mr. Hannafin announced it, "unanimously except two or three votes." The chairman

RETURNED HIS thanks for the honor thus conferred and hoped that the convention would put in nomination representative democrats of sterling integrity who would rattle for the interest of Bismarck and create a "boom" for our city the coming spring, while so grand an opportunity offered. The ticket had already been cut and dried and the programme carried out to the letter. A committee of five were appointed to submit a ticket to the meeting as follows: Messrs. P. R. Smith, Hugh McGarvey, C. A. Galloway, Henry Dion and John Quinlan. The ticket reported was as follows: For mayor, Geo. Peoples; city clerk, Con Malloy; city justice, Geo. H. Glass; city marshal, John Waldron; treasurer, J. B. Wakenian; aldermen, First ward, M. J. Halloran, Louis Westhanser; Second ward, J. G. Malloy, P. W. Conchford; Third ward, Wm. Messerve Gus Thornwald.

THE TICKET ADOPTED. At this juncture excitement was at its highest pitch. Motion after motion was made, the echo of which was lost in the throat of the mover. A motion was made to vote upon each name separately. To this cry of "fire him out!" "smash the son-of-a-gun!" rang out, when Alex McKenzie arose and moved that the entire ticket be adopted. Cries of "you bet your mucky muck!" "your head's level!" etc. etc. passed from one to another, and cheer after cheer arose, the enthusiasm following the line of people down the stairway, out upon the street, where an hundred or two were congregated. This motion was seconded by fifty and the previous motion by a like number. The chair arose, ran his fingers desperately through his hair, heaved a sigh as he considered his dignified position and the terrible responsibility imposed upon him. A call for a division of the house was made. The chair very politely asked all those who objected to the motion of accepting the ticket, to go down stairs. Cries of "shame!" and "we want our rights!" arose to the ceiling and bounded back to the floor again. The chair decided, however, that the ticket was adopted and thus adjourned the largest convention ever held in Burleigh county.

HOW IT WILL TAKE. Bismarck is democratic and it has always been considered useless to organize an opposition. What the outcome of this convention will be is yet unknown, but certain it is that the ticket will meet with considerable disfavor. Republicans and two or three factions of the democratic party will object to it on the ground that in the selection of city officers, more attention should be given to the obtaining of good experienced business men of sound judgment than to those biased by politics. Many will also object because they believe that each ward should have the right to choose its own aldermen—a right which is granted each ward in any other city. It is to be hoped, however, that the city government, which is about to undergo a transformation, will continue to keep up to a degree of purity and economy that will not only retain the city's good credit, but lessen taxation upon every citizen with business vim and cause to grow up at this point, one of the largest cities in the northwest.

### Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for March.

The opening article in this number is an excellent, interesting and up-to-date life and portrait of the late Frank Leslie, by Richard B. Kimball. There are ten full-page illustrations, with a portrait of the subject. There are also descriptions of the various buildings, churches, and other points of interest in the city of St. Paul. The book is a very valuable one, and is well worth the price. It is published by Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

Only \$1.00 per Year. A. M. Peck, of Albany, N. Y., sends post-paid order to all applicants his valuable 24-page catalogue of fruits and flowers, giving kinds, descriptions, mode of planting, etc. Every person who has a rod of garden or water to plant should have it. He also sends free a specimen copy of the Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardener, a monthly at \$1.00, devoted to fruits and flowers. It speaks for itself, while 25 cents will get his up-to-date Small Fruit Instructor—a work pronounced by all who have seen it, "most concise and practical of any yet printed." Persons sending to him now will get the catalogue and the Fruit Recorder for 1880, and the Small Fruit Instructor, all post-paid for only \$1.00. He accepts postage stamps for odd change.

## SEALED PROPOSALS.

DEVIL'S LAKE, Indian Agency, D. T.,  
March 9, 1880.

SEALED PROPOSALS "in triplicate" will be received by the undersigned, at the Merchant's hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota, until 12 o'clock, m., Saturday, April 3, 1880, for furnishing the following for the Devil's Lake Indian Agency, viz: 20 yoke of work oxen, with yokes and chains; 1 station (Morgan or Canadian French preferred). The oxen must be sound and well broke to work, not younger than 4 years nor older than 7, and must be in good working condition. None will be accepted weighing less than 2500 pounds per pair; the yokes must be new and extra long, and the chains to be 3/4 cable, 13 feet long including hooks. The station must be from 5 to 6 years old, weighing from 1100 to 1250 pounds, perfectly sound, gentle, true, well broke to harness, and a sure stock horse, and must be a good roadster and draft horse.

Proposals should state price of oxen and station separately, delivered of Devil's Lake Agency, not later than May 10, 1880, and sooner if practicable after approval of the contract by the proper officers.

Payment will be made by the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at Washington, D. C., upon properly receipted vouchers.

Proposals must be accompanied by a copy of this advertisement attached to each and every bid, and should be endorsed "Proposals for Indian Supplies."

Bidders are invited to be present at the opening of the bids.

The right to reject any of all bids is reserved.

JAMES McLAUGHLIN,  
U. S. Indian Agent.

43 45

## A RESOLUTION

The Mayor and Common Council of the City of Bismarck do resolve:

That it is deemed necessary that a sidewalk should be built on the north side of Main street in the City of Bismarck, in front of lots No. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, in block 54; lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, in block 56; lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, in block 30.

That this resolution be published for four consecutive weeks in THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE.

(Attest)  
GEORGE PEOPLES,  
Mayor.

M. O'SHEA,  
City Clerk.  
Dated, Bismarck, March 15, 1880. 43-46.

## Corn for Planting.

J. W. Millett raised near Bismarck, last year, 105 bushels of corn from one acre of land. It is a twelve row variety, called Campion's Early. It matured last year in about seventy days from planting. The ears are about ten to twelve inches long and are as well filled as any ever grown in Iowa or farther south. Mr. Millett can supply seed in any quantity. The corn can be seen at Champion Hall.

## Notice of Annual School Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of school district No. 1, of Burleigh county, that the annual meeting of said district will be held at the brick school house on Thursday, the 6th day of April, 1880, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

JOHN P. DUNN,  
Dist. Clerk.

## We Can't Talk

Without showing the condition of our teeth. Every laugh exposes the condition of the mouth, and is ashamed of them let us use that standard dentrice, SOZODONT, which is sure to keep them white and spotless. No tartar can encrust them, canker affect the enamel, no species of decay in the dental bone. SOZODONT is regularly used. It is a botanical preparation, and its beneficial effects on the teeth and gums are marvellous, as it removes all discolorations, and renders the gums hard and rosy.

**LOUIS LARSON,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**Custom Boots and Shoes.**  
—  
The Most Fashionable Shop in the West.  
—  
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to  
NO. 8 NORTH THIRD ST.,  
BISMARCK, D. T.

GEO. OBERNE, Established 1868. H. M. HOSICK, Des Moines, Ia.

## CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.

CASH PAID FOR  
Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.

Oberne, Hosick & Co.,

BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA.

Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Houses:

Omaha 255 & 257 Harney St.

Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St.

Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter., 17th St.

Omaha, Iowa, 20 Main St.

Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts.

Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.

Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.

Pueblo, Colorado.

Bismarck, Dakota.

D. MACNIDER & CO.

Harness Makers and Saddlers,

Tribune Block, 41 Main St.

Keep a Complete Assortment of

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty.

201

W. H. W. COMER.

Proprietor

TONSorial PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths.

4

MRS. J. W. PROCTOR.

DRESSMAKER & MILLINER,

East Main Street.

First-Class Work Guaranteed.

Tents, Tents, Tents.

E. LEE.

AWNING AND TENT MAKER.

264 Main Street.

BISMARCK, - DAKOTA.

Prompt Attention to orders for new work or Repairs.

## MONTANA MARKET,

Corner Second and Main Streets,

JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,

DEALERS IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,

POULTRY, GAME,

Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and

Canned Goods.

Special Attention given to the Steam-

boat Trade.

Wm. Glitschka,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour,

Candy Fruit,

Crockery Cass Ware,

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office. 4

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

A GREEN-HOUSE AT YOUR DOOR

We will send free by mail, and guarantee their

seeds in Good Condition, our choice

10 ROSES, 10 cents.

20 VERBENAS, 10 cents.

10 Basket of Holding Plants, 15 cents.

10 SPANISH JARS, 10 cents.

10 CARNATIONS, 10 cents.

12 Tuberoses, all double.

12 Cladonia, all Flowering.

Have a large stock of NEW AND RARE

PLANTS, and many

very rare and choice varieties, see our beautiful

72-page Catalogue, free to all. We also

offer an immense stock of

SMALL FRUITS AND SHRUBS

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, etc., etc.

6 Hardy Flowering Shrubs, 50 cents.

8 Dwarf Vines, 50 cents.

25 Raspberry Plants, 5 cents.

15 Strawberry Plants, 5 cents.

40 Small Chestnut or 100 Catalpa Trees, 50 cents.

27th Year. 15 Greenhouses, 400 acres.

STORRS, HARRISON & CO., Palmyra, O.

EMANUEL C. BRONHOLM,

BOOTS AND SHOES

Fourth St., Opp. Bismarck Hotel,

Fine Custom Work Made to Order

all the latest styles and warranted. Use the

best of stock in all custom work. A

specialty made of

NEAT REPAIRING,

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices."

BISMARCK, D. T.

ELDER & CO.,

Proprietors

Pacific Saloon,

Cor. 4th and Main Streets.

First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars.

Centrally located and the popular resort of the

Boys. 201

AUSTIN LOGAN,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

and

BAKERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest

goods at the lowest prices. 151

Day & Plants,

Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.

J. G. MALLOY.

P. F. MALLOY.

WESTERN HOUSE,

MALLOY BROS., Prop.

BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA

The house is centrally located and recently

enlarged, refitted and furnished. Opposite the

Railroad Depot. Prices reasonable.

ASA FISHER,

Wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.

Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee

Premium Export Lager Beer.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

GOULD & DAHL.

We represent one of the best cloth houses in

Philadelphia, and constantly in receipt

of fine

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC COATINGS

AND PANTS GOODS.

Of the latest styles for the Spring Trade.

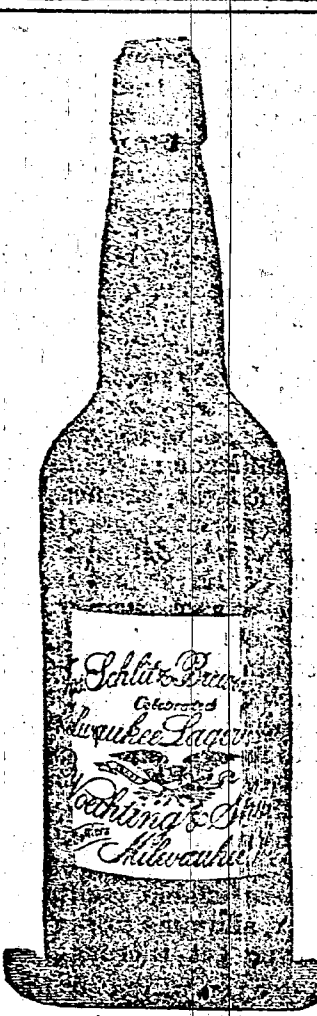
Our work defies competition. You will always

find the most economy and the greatest satis-

faction by leaving your orders for clothing

at the Bismarck Tailoring Establishment.

GOULD & DAHL.



## McLean & Macnider, Wholesale Grocers.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and  
Peasley's Ale and Porter

No. 54 Main St., BISMARCK, D. T.

## Hardy Fruits our Specialty

Largest and Best Assorted Stock  
of Hardy Trees in the State.

A Full Line of everything desirable. New Farms and Nurseries  
furnished with the Best of Stock at low prices.

Local Agents Wanted.

J. C. PLUMB & SON,

GREEN HILL NURSERIES,

Milton, Wis.

ESTABLISHED 1815.

## HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Manufacturers of Military, Society Regalia, and Theatrical Goods,

Band Equipments, etc., etc.,

Knight Templar Uniforms,

Flags, Banners and Bunting.

HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.,

Catalogue sent on Application. Fifth & Cherry Sts., Phil'a.

## TAKE NOTICE.

Shirts, Shirts, Shirts.

Having had fifteen years experience in the shirt business, I am  
able to make a perfect fit to all persons who will be kind as to call and leave their measure.  
I am on short notice for from \$1.75 up.  
Third St., next door to Mrs. Ives' Millinery.

MRS. JANE COOPER.

## C. S. WEAVER & CO.,

Dealers in

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.

Doors, Sash and Mouldings.

Also Contractors and Builders of all classes of

Buildings, Plans and Specifications.

Estimates furnished on short notice.

SHERIDAN HOUSE

Livery Stable,

First-Class in Every Respect.

NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS

Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lin-

coln and Mandan.

Office at the Sheridan House.

STOCKE & LAKE, Proprietors

HOW TO GET WELL

Broken-down, Debilitated

Constitutions. Both male and fe-

male, and all difficult cases, or which

help can be obtained nowhere else—

found to be so by undeniable facts. A

True Theory. No Deception.

The practical results of forty years' ex-

perience will be shown to invalids in

pamphlets and Circulars by addressing the emi-

nently successful Dr. Geo. W. Forbes, 174

W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 151

WESTERN LAUNDRY,

No. 21, Fourth St.

I have opened a first-class Laundry at the above

named place, and am prepared to do all

work with which I am favored.

Ladies and Gents' Fine Clothes a

Specialty.

Orders taken and Clothes delivered to any part

of the city.



Impelled by memory in a wayward mind,  
Belonging, yearning, with a faithless mind,  
I sought once more a long-neglected spot,  
A wooded upland bordered by the sea,  
Whose tides were swirling up the reedy sands,  
Or floating noiseless in the yellow marsh.  
My way was wild. The winds, awaking, smote  
My face, but as I passed the ruined wall  
Brambles and vines and waving blossoms dashed  
A frolic welcome, like a summer rain.  
Shouldering the hills against the murky east  
Stood stalwart oaks, and in the mossy sod  
Below, the trembling birches whispering,  
"Not here!" reached the silence-loving pines,  
And lingered. The mists swept from wooded hills  
And, rolling seaward, hid the anchored ship  
So, happy, dreaming an old dream again  
Of keeping trust in secret on the knoll,  
I wandered on, listening in dreamy maze  
To sounds I thought familiar—the approach  
Of well-known footsteps in the leafy path—  
A murmuring voice calling me by name!  
Through the pine shafts the sunbeam light of dawn  
Stole. Day was come. My dream would be fulfilled!

Above the hill the sky began to blaze,  
And ushering morn the west flushed rosy-red;  
Then, the sun leaping from his bed of gold,  
Scattered cloud-banners, crimson, gray, and white.  
There was my shadow in the leafy path  
Alone—none was to keep the trust with me!  
No voice, no step among the hills I heard.  
The joyous swallows from their nestlings flew.  
Mad in the light with song. Far out at sea  
The white sails fluttered in the eager breeze,  
But day was silent holding trust with me—  
My pilgrim rewarded, faith restored.  
—Elizabeth Stoddard, in Scribner's Monthly.

## SMUDGET'S WASHING-MACHINE.

BY NUX VOMICA.

"Well now, Hulda, I have struck it; you and I have worked hard all our lives, and now we'll take it easy. Mr. Grimes said it was a good thing, and I know it is; only have to be rubbed about five minutes, come out as white as snow; I've been working on it a good while. You thought I was grumpy, I suppose, when I used to sit off in the corner, by myself, and would not hardly say a word to you or the children; but you were mistaken; I was simply forming this great project in my mind. I don't begrudge the time I've spent on it, Hulda, for it's going to pay us back mighty big."

"Now, Thomas Jackson, if you've got sense enough left, will you just set yourself down in that chair and tell me if you're crazy or gone stark mad. You come a yelling into the house like an Injun, talking about 'Mr. Grimes' and a 'good thing,' and about not having to boil it at all, and 'coming out white as snow.' Who is Mr. Grimes? But it don't make any difference who he is. You'd better stay to him and mind your own business, 'cause, just so quick as you go to fooling with them town sharks, they'll beat you, or my name ain't Hulda."

"Hulda Smudget, I won't stand here and hear you go on so about Mr. Grimes. He's the man what's going to get my washing-machine patented for me, and he says it's a splendid good thing. It turns with a crank, and any child can use it. Mr. Grimes told me himself, to-day, with his own lips, it was the greatest wonder to him somebody hadn't thought of it before. Oh, I tell you Hulda, he's a nice man. I haven't known him but a day or two, and he's just like a brother to me. He says to me right on the start, says he, 'Mr. Smudget, you have struck it rich; you won't have to labor any more when you get this worked up, for it will bring you in a mint of money every year.' Now, I'm going right down town, and say, Hulda, when I come back I'll bring you a nice new gown; you've been a good wife to me, and now, just because I'm getting wealthy, I ain't going back on you; you shall have a girl to do your work, and—I believe, 'pon my word, when I come back, I'll bring myself a box of cigars. I never smoked one of the plaguery things in my life, but when folks get rich, you know, they've got to put on some style. And I tell you what, Hulda, you and I will just sit right here, and eat yaller-legged chickens and Amboy oysters, while the celebrated Smudget washing-machine is being introduced all over this country and Europe."

"Thomas Jackson, do you take off your shoes and stockings this minute, and get your feet into this pail of hot water, or you'll be introduced into some lunatic asylum. You're a pretty specimen, ain't you? talking about yaller-legged chickens, and cigars, and hired girls. I've did all my own work for the last twenty years, besides doing part of yours, and I don't think I'll commence now a-having some frowsily-headed gal a mincing around here for me to wait on, and you to flirt with. Oh, I know you! You needn't look. And as for cigars, you'd look sweet, wouldn't you, a stumping around with a cigar in your mouth? Every pig on the place would die a laughing at you. But what's the use of talking? it's all you can do to whistle a straight stick. I'd like to see the washing-machine you'd get up. There wouldn't be no harm in worshipping it, 'cause 't wouldn't be like anything in the heaven above or the earth beneath."

"Now, Hulda, I'm ashamed on you. I just wish Mr. Grimes was here to talk to you a few minutes; he'd convince you quicker than a wet sponge could take the writing off'n a slate. Why, just look at it, Hulda! We'll say there's thirty States. Of course there's more than that, but we'll put it low enough. And then we'll say there's 200 towns in a State. Of course there's more than that, but I don't want to color the picture any, Hulda. Everybody has to have washing done, don't they, Hulda? That's where I've got 'em. You see: New and useful invention; turns with a crank; no boiling, no soap; child can use it. I tell you, Hulda, the more I think on't the more I think I've got a good thing. Mr. Grimes said all it wanted now was pushing, and I'm going to commence to push this afternoon. I shall have about fifty of 'em made, and then I'm going to take old Betsy and start out to introduce 'em."

"Well, there hain't no law in this country to prevent a man from making

a fool of himself as I know on; but if you wasn't a particular friend of mine I wouldn't live with you a minute, for if ever there was a crazy critter let loose, you're one. All Mr. Grimes wants is your money, and if you'd had any bringing up you'd see it. Of course he's like a brother to you. He'll stick to you closer than a bad reputation as long as you've got a cent, and then he'll drop you; and, if I ain't very much mistaken, about the time you light you'll begin to come to your senses."

But there was no use arguing with Thomas. He had made up his mind to go into the patent-right business—and when a man gets patent rights into his head you might as well let him alone, for it's a sort of an epidemic; and, when it strikes a man, it strikes him hard and it affects his whole system. When it leaves him he generally finds himself all in a heap, and sometimes it leaves him so weak that it takes a good while for him to recover, and sometimes he never gets over it. And then this disease generally leaves a man with a kind of a bad taste in his mouth for patent-right attorneys. Did you ever meet one of these affable gentlemen?

If you haven't, allow me to say right here, if you ever get thoroughly acquainted with one you will never forget him. The remembrance of that man will follow you as long as you live. His beautifully-written circulars, his winning ways and his kind and juicy language will be uppermost in your thoughts when you retire, and you will always experience that had taste in your mouth when you awake in the morning.

After many trials and tribulations Mr. Smudget succeeded in getting some of his washing-machines manufactured. He had lost a good deal of sleep in preparing his speech, which was to be delivered when the machine was presented to the good farmers' wives for their consideration. This, in connection with the trouble he had experienced in getting them manufactured, and the "I told you so's" from Hulda, had so worn on the old gentleman that, from a good, solid, well-fed farmer, he had been reduced to a mere skeleton. Consequently, his Sunday suit, which he donned on the morning he was to start out on his introductory tour, seemed to be fastened only at the top, and hung from him loosely all the way down. At last all things were ready. Thomas mounted the wagon, seized the reins, and Betsy, who seemed inspired with the momentousness of the occasion, rattled down the road at a thundering gait, with six of the celebrated Smudget washing-machines behind her.

After due deliberation Mr. Smudget concluded that he wouldn't stop very near home, as he realized that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and he began to think before he reached home that a man trying to sell washing-machines wasn't honored anywhere, at least not to any very great extent.

After a drive of several hours he reached a country comparatively new to him, and, sighting a good, cozy farm-house in the distance, he concluded that he would see if he couldn't dispose of one of Smudget's celebrated washing-machines there.

Drawing rein at the door, he was just about to alight, when he heard a voice in his ear like the shrill notes of a fish-horn. Looking around, he discovered a female figure emerging from around the corner of the house. By her side was a full-grown, well-developed bulldog, with a double chin. Smudget thought he could stand either one of them alone, "but," he muttered to himself, "if I never sell a washing-machine in my life, and have to die in poverty, I'll never approach a firm where the senior members are a bull-dog and a woman."

As Mr. Smudget seemed to the female a little undecided what course to pursue, she opened fire on him with her tongue. (This is a weapon very much in use by females on account of its repeating qualities, and from the fact that they seldom run out of ammunition.) "Don't you git off that wagon, Mister; if you do, I'll give you a warmer reception than Gen. Grant got up in Chicago the other day. We've been pestered to death by such critters as you are. Lightning-rod men and wind-mill men have been round here thicker than fleas on a dog, and when I seed you a-coming I says to myself, 'Amanda Higgins, what have you done that you should be tried in this way?' and I made up my mind if you got in here I'd make it so awful uncomfortable for you, you wouldn't want to stay long! Oh, you've got a nice yarn fixed up about your old machine, I'll warrant; that wind-mill feller had, too. The lyin' huzzy told me 'twould pump hot or cold water, milk my cows, churn my butter and ride my horses to water; and he'd 'a' been here a-lyin' yet. I suppose, if I hadn't bought a mill of him. An' what's it good for? Can't hardly coax it to pump cold water, let alone hot! No, sir! I'll give you to understand, Mister, that I'm a lone, unprotected female, and—"

Mr. Smudget waited to hear no more, but, stopping up his right ear with his left hand (he was deaf in the other) and plying the whip to Betsy with his right hand, he determined in the shortest time imaginable to put the greatest distance possible between himself and his first customer. About this time Mr. Smudget began to feel as all patent-right men feel after their first endeavor to push their wonderful invention. He began to feel a kind of a goneness; the longing, irresistible, gripping pain in the vicinity of his vitals also communicated to him in language too forcible to be mistaken that the time had now arrived

when, in the seclusion of his own home, he and Hulda usually sat down to their noonday meal. His love for Mr. Grimes also began to lose somewhat of its brilliancy, and some way in his own heart he began to feel that he didn't have that hankering after him that he used to have. Nevertheless he determined to make one more grand effort at "pushing," and, if it also proved unsuccessful, he would attach a stone to the crank of each individual washing-machine, drown them in the middle of some lake, then go home and tell Hulda he'd sold them to some parties on five years' time without interest. He thought that was about as long as she would be apt to live, and, that being the case, of course at the end of that time he would be excused from making any further explanations. Now, says Mr. Smudget:

"Here's my chance; here's a farm-house that looks comfortable and nice; none of your bull-dog kind of folks live here, I'll warrant; but, as the gate's open, I'll slip into the yard, anyway—that will be farther along than I got down to the last place. Good morning, madam! Madam, I am introducing the celebrated Smudget washing-machine. My maiden name is also Smudget. The fame of this instrument, madam, is spread over a large amount of territory. Mrs. Hayes has done all the washing for her guests with this machine ever since Rutherford has occupied the chair, and I received a postoffice card from her last evening, saying she wouldn't be without it for thirteen times what it cost her. The more dirt on the clothes, madam, the better this instrument does its work; no boiling required, no soap, turns with a crank, and a child can use it."

"But I do not ask you to take my word, madam. If you have any soiled garments on hand, my heart would leap with gratitude if you would allow me to show you what my machine can do."

"All right, Mr. Smudget; hustle off your machine. Here, Jane! you bring down those dirty clothes. You must excuse me, Mister: we don't have our washing done only once in two weeks, and about ten days ago my husband was took down with the small-pox, and now seven of the children have got it, and eight more have very bad symptoms; but I'm in hopes it won't spread into the family any farther. If it does, I shall be completely used up. Jane, you run over to Mrs. Spargo's, and tell her to bring her washing right over. She told me last week if she could get a good washing-machine, that run light and easy; if they would let her take it a few months on trial, and let her pay for it in butter and eggs, and she could get it cheap enough, she didn't know for sure but perhaps she take it. Take your machine right off, Mr. Smudget."

Her advice was not necessary; he was not only taking off one, but as she finished speaking the rear end of the last machine was just visible through the dust.

Below is the report of the medical superintendent at the asylum at which Mr. Smudget was confined:

Thursday, Aug. 25. Man received by the name of Smudget; appeared wild and distracted, imagines one minute he is sick with small-pox, and the next that he is being chased by bull-dogs.

Monday, Sept. 1. The man Smudget died this morning. He appeared rational a short time before his death; he left a will, requesting that one of Smudget's celebrated washing-machines should be erected at the head of his grave.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

## Sam Houston's Duel.

A correspondent of the Bowling Green (Ky.) *Intelligencer* unearthed an old man of the vicinity who remembered all about "the sensation of the year 1826," the old man being one of the participants in the duel that caused the sensation. To settle a spat that came of hot blood Gen. Sam Houston, then a member of Congress from Tennessee, and Gen. White, of Nashville, agreed that on "Sept. 23, 1826," they would "fight a duel on the Tennessee line; time, sunrise; distance, fifteen feet; weapons, holster pistols." Houston got out of bed at 3:40 a. m. on the 23d, and, sitting in his night clothes, mopped two bullets. As the first fell from the mold a dog named "Gen. Jackson" raised a triumphant howl under the window. When the second bullet dropped a game cock crowed long and loud from a neighboring tree. Houston, who was superstitious, cut the figure of a dog on one bullet, and that of a cock on the other. The principals stood at their posts on the second and to the inch. White's lead cut a whistle through the sharp air, but Houston stood unhurt. At the same instant the bullet with the dog mark passed clean through White's body, so that a silk handkerchief was drawn from one side to the other. After the duel Houston selected as his coat-of-arms the famous "chicken cock and dog."

EDIBLE bird's nest is the nest of the sea-swallow of the Malay archipelago, a bird of the size of a common martin. It builds its nest of a glutinous substance, which it is said to derive from a sea-weed. This weed is swallowed and partly digested, and then disgorged and fashioned into a nest as large as a coffee-cup. When fresh, these nests are of a waxy-white color, and are said to be worth twice their weight in silver in the markets of China, where alone they are sold, the general cost being \$5 or more a pound, according to the age of the nests. The taste of dishes prepared from these nests is said to be insipid, but the Chinese prize them, not, perhaps, so much for their taste, as for their supposed tonic and aphrodisiac powers.

## Irish Superstitions.

In Ireland, as in other countries, the robin is believed to have plucked a thorn out of the crown of thorns, and to have got its breast stained with blood in so doing. Tinkers are looked down upon in Donegal for the following reason: When the blacksmith was ordered to make nails for the cross, he refused, but the tinker consented to make them; and Christ condemned him and all his race to be wanderers, and never to have a roof of their own to cover them, till the world's end. "Can that be true?" we asked the woman who told us the foregoing story. "Is it not the case that tinkers must wander from place to place in order to ply their trade?" "Na, na, miss; it's the blessed Lord's judgment on them that keeps them from having a house of their ain." The same person declares that she has seen the sun dance for joy on Easter morning. "She (the Irish peasant always makes the sun feminine) was just risen above the mountains, when she gave three wee skips for joy that Christ is risen. Sure, I seen it wi' my ain eyes." The cock is estimated very highly for his wisdom, inherited, in all probability, from the ancestor that crowed when Peter denied his Lord. Should he crow at an untimely hour, such as from 6 p. m. to 11 p. m., he is believed to prophesy some event affecting the family, and the mistress hastens to feel his feet. If they are cold, her heart sinks, for she knows that he foretells a death; but if warm, she is comforted and reassured, sure that the house prophet is but rejoicing at the expected arrival of a good letter from America, or some other piece of luck. In Cork and Kerry the crowing of a cock at night is thought to give notice that a ghost is in the house, and then whoever is still afoot hurries to bed in trepidation and draws the blanket over his head. The

Little inmate full of mirth,  
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,

is regarded by our peasantry of all races—Celts, semi-Scotch, and the descendants of the English settlers—with superstitious interest. It is described in Ulster as "a gentle wee thing," the word "gentle" always meaning of fairy origin. It is thought to be very lucky when crickets come to the house, and very unlucky when they leave it, and it is considered a dangerous thing to kill them.—*Belgravia*.

## What Becomes of the Old Pianos?

The drum is the most barbaric; the horn, in all its varieties, the most piercing; the accordion and its congeners the most abominable, the violin the most soulful, the pipe-organ the most comprehensive, the piano the most domestic and social, of all instruments of music. The statistics of the latter's production are surprising. The 125 makers in the four largest cities of this country produce 30,000 pianos a year, for which the public pay some \$10,000,000. Every steamship must have one; every hotel and public hall requires one or more; the boarding-school has from one to thirty, and the parlor which lacks one is thought to be incompletely furnished. This is within the borders of modern civilization; beyond them, however, a stray piano drifts now and then, sometimes as strange almost in its surroundings as were the piano-stools which were swept into Mackerelville by the foul human torrent that roared through New York streets in the draft riot of 1863. The piano has no gift of perpetual youth. Its melodious life is, perhaps, five to twenty years; its sounding life may be twice as long; but what becomes of the old pianos? Fire carries off some; during the war the few which were involved went in a variety of ways, sometimes being used as operating tables by the surgeons; but nobody sees pianos go for kindling wood. If they go to the domestic exile in garrets, the garrets must be full of them; they cannot drop into cracks as pins do, and, whether they disintegrate slowly, blow out through the key-hole on Christmas eve, or are borne away by rag-carts, is yet a mystery.—*New York paper*.

## The Lioness and the Terrier.

The Royal Zoological Garden of Ireland for many years possessed a beautiful lioness, known to visitors as "Old Girl." She was an animal of very high spirit, though very gentle, and was admitted by judges to be the handsomest lioness they had ever seen. The closing weeks of her life were marked by the following touching incident: When in health she had no objection to the presence of rats in her cage; on the contrary, she rather welcomed them as a relief to the monotony of existence, which constitutes the chief trial of a wild animal in confinement. It was a common sight to see half a dozen rats gnawing the bones off which the lioness had dined. In illness the case was different, for the ungrateful rats used to nibble the toes of the poor animal. To save the lioness from this annoyance a fine little tan terrier was placed in her cage, who was at first received with a surly growl; but when the first rat appeared, and the lioness saw the little dog tackle him, she began to understand what the terrier was for. She coaxed him to her side, folded her paw around him, and each night the little creature slept at the breast of the lioness, enfolded with her paws, and watching that his natural enemies did not disturb the rest of his mistress.

The origin of electing members by balls may be traced to the Grecians. When a member was to be elected every one threw a little pellet of bran or crumb into a basket carried by a servant on his head around the table, and whoever dissented flattened their pellet at one side.

## Recovery from Rheumatism.

The convalescent sets forth on crutches. The sky is sunny, the air balmy. He is safe. No more bed-racking for him. He is happy. His heart sings and twitters like a bird. He meets an old friend on the corner, who grabs his hand and shakes it up and down until the hot tears gush to his eyes, and, like an old pump, he at last gives down-water.

"You must take wine and bark for that rheumatiz," says the friend.

"I've been whining for the last six weeks," replies the invalid, "but as for barking, it jars me all over; and, besides, I'm not a dog."

At the next corner he meets another acquaintance. "There is only one thing that will cure rheumatism," he remarks, "and that is, empty a paper of tacks into a bowl of water, let it stand over night, and then drink the water."

"Supposing," replies the victim, "I drop my tax-book into the cistern and then drink the water, won't that abate the disease just the same?"

Further along he meets the third counselor: "Put both knees under a faucet of cold water, and let it run," recommends this dark and bloody villain, with a vile smile on his vicious countenance.

"I guess I will read Fawcett's poem on an iceberg; that will answer every purpose," retorts the victim. "Eat raw onions," orders another. "Man," replies the invalid, raising his crutch, and pointing with it to the blue and radiant sky above, "has but once to die. Says the great poet, 'A coward dies a thousand deaths; a brave man never dies but once.' Better meet destiny face to face in odoriferous onions, than live on with onions, with all the world wishing one dead a thousand years before he was born." "Tonic," replied the friend. "I guess I will give up onions, and taper off on garlic."

The convalescent now calls at the store of a bosom companion, and is shown to a cozy seat in the private office, near the stove. "Stand your crutches outside, by the door," directs the friend. "Confound the things; I cannot bear to see them."

The convalescent complies, and passes an agreeable hour. When he hobbles out to take up his crutches, they are gone. The proprietor's boys have nailed cleats to them, and are at that moment still-walking with them in a distant alley-way. By the time the invalid recovers them the afternoon has grown chilly, and the sun is pale and low on the horizon. He is sure of a relapse. Not less than 100 infallible remedies have been recommended to him. Even the colored porter in the store suggests a cure: "You must tie a couple of black-snake skins over your knees, massa. De high golly! make de ole man slippery as an eel!"

As he nears his residence, he encounters the doughty old doctor that has attended him from a child. "What have you in your mouth?" roars the old doctor. "Tobacco." "Spit it out. What have you in your pocket?" "Cigars." "Throw 'em away." "What is good for a second attack of rheumatism, doctor?" "Nine weeks." "Mercy!" "Nine weeks; and now, then, get into the house, you reckless rascal; lay away your crutches in the attic; put your prayer-book under your pillow, and go to bed."—*Providence Journal*.

## Execution of Domestic Animals for Murder.

According to the Roman law if a man was hurt by a tame animal, as by a vicious horse or a dangerous bull, the owner afforded satisfaction by the surrender of the animal. The same rule extended to a man's slave, and also to his son, both of whom were regarded by the Roman law as his chattels. The Burgundian mediæval law enacted that where one tame animal was hurt by another the offending animal was to be surrendered. It was a mediæval practice in Germany and Scandinavia to hang wolves and dogs with a criminal, as a symbolical mark of disgrace and as an aggravation of his punishment. Saxo Grammaticus states that the association of wolves at the hanging of the criminal was an ancient punishment for parricide; and in Germany the custom of hanging dogs with the sufferer was particularly applied to the Jews. Rorarius, a Papal Nuncio at the Court of Hungary in the sixteenth century, wrote and published a treatise to prove that animals are rational, and that they make a better use of their reason than man. In this work he stated that it was customary in Africa to crucify lions, in order to deter them from entering towns; and he had himself seen two wolves hung from a gibbet in the forest between Cologne and Juliers, as an example to other wolves. The Roman custom of annually crucifying dogs, on account of their failure to give the alarm when the capital was seized by the Gauls, must be considered as a commemorative, not a penal infliction. It may be observed that animals, though conscious of the idea of danger—without which they would not preserve their lives—are destitute of the idea of death, and that the infliction of death upon one animal would not operate by way of example upon another animal. The same remark may, indeed, be extended to all punishments inflicted upon animals. A whipping administered to one dog is no warning to another dog. All punishments of animals must, in order to be operative, be individual; and hence the capital punishment of an animal is an absurdity, because it extinguishes the life of the only animal upon which the punishment can operate.

The home stretch is best taken in the evening on a sofa.



# NARROW ESCAPES.

Some Remarkable Occurrences.

A number of years ago I was traveling through a wild portion of Upper India. At a small village I lost my attendant with whom I had left Delhi—two being struck down by the cholera, and the others running away with my horses—thus leaving me alone and alone in a region which had the reputation of being infested with Thugs, robbers and cutthroats. I complained to the Chief Magistrate of the place, and he promised, of course, that the rascals should be caught and punished; but it is my private opinion that he was a great scoundrel as any about him, and that he connived at their escape, and got the lion's share of the spoils.

My money and some valuable jewels were fortunately secured about my person, and, being armed with a double-barreled rifle, a brace of pistols, and a large Spanish dirk-knife, I thought I might venture to find my way, alone and without a guide, to an English station about thirty miles distant.

Without making my design known to the darogah, I placed my baggage under his charge, telling him I should hold him responsible for any loss.

"And why not, your Honor, watch it yourself?" he asked.

"Because the thieves have proved too many for me already," I answered.

He inquired if I were going to leave, which way I intended to travel, if he should procure me reliable guides and escort, and so forth and so on; but I answered evasively, determined to keep my design to myself till certain of being among men worthy of trust. Having, by different inquiries of different persons, learned the best route to the place I wished to reach, I slipped out of the village after dark, and went to a neighboring forest, where I climbed a tree and passed the night in its branches. The next morning, after a slight repast on such food and fruit as I had provided for the journey, I set forward through the wood, following a traveled path, and guiding myself by a small pocket compass.

The route, lying through forest and jungle, up hill and down, was lonely and dreary enough to make me more than once wish for a companion. More than once I fancied I heard the growl of some wild beast, and stopped and stood on the defensive; and several times the whirr of some large bird flying up near me, or the sudden scream and rush of a frightened monkey, gave me a start that was anything but pleasant; but, with these exceptions, I got along very well till about midday, when, as I was in the act of descending into a dark, gloomy hollow, where the trees, vines and luxuriant vegetation so interfered as to make it a matter of some risk and trouble to pick my way through, I was suddenly brought to a stand by a noise resembling a scuffle in the path before me, accompanied by what appeared to be human groans.

From where I stopped I could not see the contending parties, though the sounds told me they were quite near. There were evidently not more than two of them, and I thought it would be quite safe for me to venture forward, especially as I was well armed. What could it be? Perhaps some Thug had fallen upon a traveler like myself, and was now struggling him, according to the highest code of his religion. That the peculiar sounds I heard proceeded from anything but human strife and human misery, I had not the remotest idea; and therefore my surprise and astonishment may be imagined when, on gliding through a sort of vegetable tunnel I beheld, upon a more open and lighter space, a large monkey in the coils of a venomous snake.

I was just in time to witness, not the struggle, but the death of the poor quadruped. His last groan had passed his lips; his eyes, half out of his head, were already glazed, and, with a single convulsive quiver through his crushed body, his life went out at the moment my gaze fell upon him. The snake, perhaps hearing my approach, raised its huge, misshapen, hooded head, turned its fiery eyes full upon me, ran out its red, forked tongue, hissed out a malignant defiance, and then, as if knowing its victim was dead, and that it now had a formidable foe to contend with, uncoiled itself like lightning, and appeared standing up straight before me, the most appalling sight, all things considered, I had ever looked upon.

I had advanced with my rifle upon my shoulder, prepared for the necessity of a quick shot, and now, impulsively taking a hurried aim, I fired one barrel at the broad, ugly head of the monster. Fortunately, I hit him somewhere about the neck, and he dropped, but threw himself about with the wildest contortions, and in a single moment was at my feet. I jumped back with a wild cry, and, scarcely conscious of what I was doing, thrust down the muzzle of my piece, and fired the other barrel just as he was in the act of seizing it with a venomous snap, blowing his head to atoms.

I was secretly returning heartfelt thanks for my deliverance, when I was again startled by a slight rustling of the bushes to the left, and by the time I could draw a pistol, not knowing what I might next have to encounter, I found myself confronted, not by a beast, but a man.

"Ah! well met, fellow-traveler," he said, in very good English, as if he had divined my nativity at a glance. "I heard your two shots, and felt glad to know that I was not alone in this wilderness. You have had a narrow escape," he added, looking down at the dead snake.

He was a fine-looking fellow, being tall, straight and graceful, with black hair and eyes, and dark, classic features.

He was lightly dressed, after the fashion of the country, and apparently armed only with a knife, the sheath of which was secured to the girdle at his waist.

Without replying in the familiar manner in which he had addressed me, I drew myself up with a somewhat haughty reserve, and coldly demanded who he was, and how he came to be secreted in the thicket, if his purpose was honest.

"Why, to tell the truth," he replied, in an open, straightforward manner, "I am, like yourself, perhaps, on my way to the English fort; and, not liking the appearance of this lonely path, which I feared might lead me into an ambush of Thugs, I turned out to go round to the hill yonder, where the route again becomes more open; but, being hot and weary, I stopped to rest and there heard the crack of a rifle that assured me a fellow-traveler was upon the road that I might join with safety."

"And how did you know I was not one of the party you feared?"

"Because they do not use firearms. But I see you are suspicious, and perhaps would prefer to go on alone, though I think two are safer than one."

"You shall go with me," I quietly replied, as I stepped back a pace or two, placed my pistol convenient to my hand, and coolly proceeded to reload my rifle. "Where did you learn English, and how did you know I was a native of Great Britain?"

"I learned the language of your countrymen, with whom I have had many pleasant dealings as a trader," he answered, without hesitation; "and I knew you were an Englishman by your appearance."

Having finished loading my rifle, I felt more at ease; and then I quietly informed my new acquaintance that we could not part company again on the route, but that I would accord him the privilege of walking in advance.

"You see, I take you at your word," said I; "and if you are what you profess to be you will not feel hurt at my caution. You shall go before me, and shall walk with safety so long as you do nothing to confirm my suspicion; but I warn you at the same time that, if I perceive a single sign of treachery, I will shoot you down as I would a wild beast!"

"Why, what do you take me for?" he demanded, with an astonished air.

"A Thug!" returned I; "a highway murderer and robber—neither more nor less! I have heard of your tricks upon travelers, away off in my native isle; but I, at least, am upon my guard, and this time your wicked scheme has failed."

He laughed, but merely said, "Have it your own way. I am satisfied to humor your suspicion, knowing you really mean me no harm, and that when we reach the fort, and I prove to you I am an honest man, you will do me justice."

"Most assuredly," I answered.

He then set forward with an air of careless indifference, and I kept close behind him, and my eye upon every motion. Thus we passed through the dark jungle, and ascended to the more open path of the higher lands, without meeting with any new adventure. In an open spot beside a clear spring, I stopped and made him sit beside me while I rested and ate my noonday meal, which I shared with him. Then we resumed our journey, he going before, as usual; and so fast did we travel, for I was determined not to spend another night in the forest, that, when the sun went down, I saw, from a neighboring hill, the cross of St. George waving over the station where my day's journey was to end. While crossing the valley to reach it, however, night came upon us; and, favored by the darkness, my suspicious acquaintance suddenly disappeared. I got through in safety, though, received a warm welcome from my countrymen, and subsequently obtained all the aid and redress I sought.

Two years later, being at Bereilly while a notorious Thug was on trial for his life, curiosity led me to the courtroom, when, to my surprise, I recognized in the prisoner at the bar the identical individual whom I had compelled to perform a weary journey in front of me. He was convicted of murder and condemned to death; but, previous to his execution, I managed to obtain an interview with him, when he frankly confessed that the incident of the monkey and the snake, by inducing him, as the leader of his party, to change his plan, was the principal cause of my life being preserved, my shrewd suspicion and bold determination doing the rest. Being on the watch for travelers, he and his companions had seen me on the road early in the day, and five of them had secreted themselves in that dark, lonely jungle, intending to spring upon me and do their murderous work, according as their religion teaches, by strangulation; it not being lawful for them to kill in any other manner. The discharge of both barrels at the snake, taken in connection with my supposed natural fright and excitement, led him to think he could accomplish his purpose in a different way; and so he appeared, to talk, to cajole, and catch me off my guard—but, as the matter turned out, caught a Tartar instead. By keeping his life in my hands, as it were, I kept down his companions, and so I was saved.

I had before thanked Heaven for preserving me from the venomous snake, and, when I heard the story of the murderous Thug, I again thanked Heaven for having sent the snake to preserve me from a band of religious assassins.

## Gen. Dorfling.

The celebrated Prussian General Dorfling was originally a tailor. On finishing his apprenticeship he had the ambition to wish to see Berlin. As he was obliged to pass the Elbe in a boat, and had no money to pay the expense, the passage was refused him. Stung with this affront he disdained a trade that so narrowed his circumstances, and, throwing his wallet into the river, he enlisted for a soldier. In that capacity he made rapid advances. He soon gained the esteem of his comrades, afterward of his officers, and lastly of the Elector, his master. That great Prince, who loved war, who had made himself a proficient in that science, and who was compelled to study it, rapidly advanced a man who, to great military knowledge, added all the virtues of a citizen. Dorfling was, after some time, promoted to the rank of Field Marshal, and in that capacity came up to every idea that could be formed of a man who, from a common soldier, rose by his merit to be a General. A fortune so extraordinary excited the jealousy of many who had not those abilities to recommend them to notice. Some even went so far as to say that though Dorfling was a great man he had not lost the air of his original profession. "Yes," replied he one day to those who bantered him, "it is true that I have been a tailor, and have cut out cloth; but now (putting his hand on the hilt of his sword) I use this instrument, with which I will cut off the ears of any man who dares to speak ill of me."

## His Part.

A lady contributor to the Wayne Press tells this story: "I had been out in Westchester county on a visit, and while there I found a kitten which I brought home as a plaything for my two children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of puss, I proposed, and it was agreed, that the head should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddy, the eldest, but 3 years, should be the sole proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddy rather objected at first to this division, as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal, but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day, soon after, I heard poor puss making a dreadful mewing, and called out to Eddy, 'There, my son, you are hurting my part of the kitten; I heard her cry.' 'No, I didn't, mother; I trod on my part, and your part hollered!'"

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THOS. MCGOWAN, Proprietor.  
Fifth Street near Main,  
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This house is a large three story building, entirely well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 5-7

## St. Paul Business Directory.

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**PERKINS, LYONS & CO.**—Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines, and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 24 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

**CRAIG & LARKIN**—Importers and Dealers in Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.

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Wholesale Dealer in  
**WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.**  
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S. F. LAMBERT,

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**GENERAL MERCHANDISE,**  
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A very full line of Groceries and Dry Goods and satisfaction as to prices and goods guaranteed.

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Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

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MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS  
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The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only Northwestern Line connecting in same depot in Chicago with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient place, located with reference to reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business in that City.

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1876 Summer Arrangement. 1878.

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TO THE  
**BLACK HILLS.**

Thro' Express Trains FROM  
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Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

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Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul Trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glyndon for Fisher's, Fort Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Fort Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.

Dated April 7, 1878.

H. E. SARGENT, General Manager, St. Paul.  
G. G. SANBORN, H. A. TOWNE, Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, Brainerd, St. Paul.

**GEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,**  
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**BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP**  
Corner Third and Thayer Streets,  
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None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

**EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,**  
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Fine Custom Work made to Order in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specialty made of

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My motto is "Good Work at fair prices." 12m1  
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WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND BILLIARDS,  
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Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People. 10tf

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO  
**Fine Carriage Painting.**  
RATES LOW. 9tf

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HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE AND ORNAMENTAL  
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Graining, Marbling, AND  
WALL DECORATING.  
Mixed Paints Always on Hand.  
Shop on Sixth Street, near Main.

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HARNESSMAKERS & SADDLERS,  
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OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.  
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**OSTLAND'S**  
**Livery & Feed**  
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Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.  
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.  
My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m

**HOSTETTER'S**  
CELEBRATED  
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Do you feel that any of your organs—your stomach, liver, bowels, or nervous system, falter in its work? If so, repair the damages with the most powerful, yet harmless, invigorants. Remember that debility is the "Beginning of the End"—that the climax of all weakness is a universal paralysis of the system and that such paralysis is the immediate precursor of Death.

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**THE NEW LE BON TON**  
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Choice Wines and Cigars always in Stock.  
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Always on Draught. Opposite the Post Office, Main Street, Bismarck, D. T. 127tf  
JOS. F. Proprietor



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The "Ivys" met at Col. Lounsberry's Tuesday evening. All the beautiful belles were present and a sprinkling of *puer familiae*. "On with the dance," the joy be unfettered," kept the young people busy, while the older ones chatted, a hand at whist. Miss Cera Sweetwater rendered a select reading and Miss Lou Brown an instrumental solo, both of which were excellent. The next meeting was held at the residence of Mr. A. C. Caudill. The members of the club will meet

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